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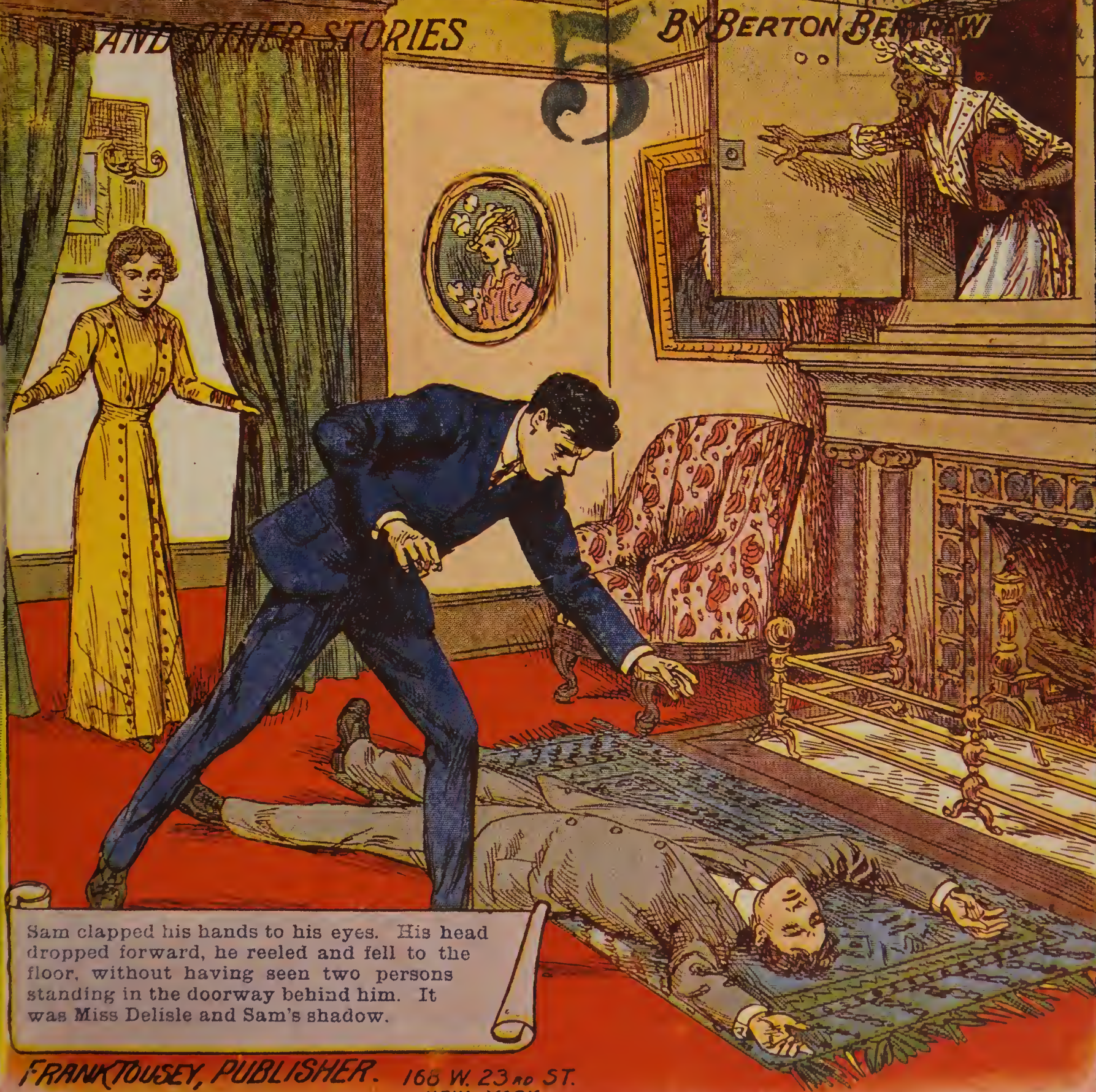
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# PLUCK AND LUCK

## SAM AND HIS SHADOW OR THE MYSTERY OF THE OTHER BOY

AND OTHER STORIES

BY BERTON BENTLEY



Sam clapped his hands to his eyes. His head dropped forward, he reeled and fell to the floor, without having seen two persons standing in the doorway behind him. It was Miss Delisle and Sam's shadow.

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# PLUCK AND LUCK

## Stories of Adventure

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NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1913.

Price 5 Cents.

# SAM AND HIS SHADOW

—OR—

## THE MYSTERY OF THE OTHER BOY

By BERTON BERTREW

THIS BOOK WILL BE TAKEN BACK  
AT A REASONABLE FIGURE.  
LINCOLN BOOK STORE  
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### CHAPTER I.

#### SANDBAGGED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

"What's your name?"

"Sam Baker, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen in November."

"American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"Somewhere in the South. I don't know just where."

"Don't you know where you were born? Didn't your father or mother ever tell you?"

"My father and mother are both dead, sir. I don't remember them. I may as well tell you that I was brought up in the streets here in New York. You can ask them up at the Newsboys' Lodging House if I'm not straight. They have known me a number of years."

Mr. Edward McCandliss, the well-known Wall Street broker, speculator and Stock Exchange man, wheeled around from his desk and gave the boy who stood there meekly holding his hat in his hand a searching glance.

"You read and write?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you know of figures?"

"Enough to serve me as your messenger boy, sir. I'll guarantee that."

"Huh! All right. Get into the other office, and wait with a rest."

This was a step ahead, at all events.

Mr. McCandliss had advertised for a boy, something that was more frequently done by downtown business men at the time than we write now.

The result was a line of some fifty on the stairs leading up to the speculator's Broad Street office.

There were big boys and little boys, old boys and young boys, clean boys and dirty boys, one barefooted boy, and one without a hat.

It was hard work for Mr. McCandliss to choose among all this rabble, but he went about the task in his usual business-like way.

First he examined each boy in turn.

Most of them were instantly rejected and sent out of the building by another way into Wall Street, and so finally disposed of.

A few were sent into another office of the suite, to be considered later.

Sam Baker was one of these, and after the line had all been examined Mr. McCandliss walked into the office and ran his eyes over the ten boys who sat anxiously waiting.

"You," he said, pointing to Sam, "you are engaged. The rest of you may go. Be on hand here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

This was the beginning of Sam's business career.

At first, Mr. McCandliss was inclined to think that he had made a mistake, and that the boy was stupid, but he soon discovered that he was only earnestly trying to learn what was expected of him.

Two weeks passed.

"I think that boy will suit all right," Mr. McCandliss remarked to Mr. Robins, the bookkeeper.

A month passed.

"Sam's a smart boy, and just the fellow we wanted," Mr. McCandliss said to Mr. Robins then.

A year passed.

"Really, Robins, I don't know how we could get along without Sam," said Mr. McCandliss one day. "Let's see—how much is he getting now?"

"Four dollars a week," replied the bookkeeper.

"Make it ten," said Mr. McCandliss, "and give him an order on Podgers, Sweet & Co. for a new suit of clothes. Tell him that hereafter I shall expect him to dress a little better, and let me know what he says."

Two years passed.

"Sam," said Mr. McCandliss, one afternoon when the market had gone all his way, "I am going to raise your pay, and hereafter I want you to take hold of the books and help Mr. Robins. We'll get another boy. From now on you draw \$25 a week. Don't get the big head now, but try and make yourself worth the difference to me—that's all."

And that is all we have got to say about Sam's early beginning in Wall Street.

The boy was now between eighteen and nineteen, a tall, handsome, self-contained young man; and thanks to his energetic study nights and mornings, quite as well educated as the average broker's clerk—a little above the average, in fact.

And yet Mr. McCandliss knew no more about the boy than he did the day he engaged him.

Sam was always on hand for business, and attended to it satisfactorily.

Mr. Robins had his address written down in his book, and that was all the speculator cared to know about his office clerks' private affairs, and yet he had the greatest confidence in Sam, and trusted him in everything.

In fact, he had far more confidence in Sam than Sam had in him, for Mr. McCandliss was a wild plunger in the market, a fierce gambler at the club, frequently under the influence of liquor, and not any too scrupulous about his word, all of which Sam knew perfectly well.

This brings us right up to our story. Everything had gone along quietly in the office for some time until one day, in midsummer, when Sam happened to come in from lunch a little late, he heard angry voices in his employer's private office, which was separated from the main room of the suite by a glass door, with the partition at the top open, so that any loud words could be distinctly heard.

"I tell you I want my money!" some one was saying. "I am not satisfied with your way of doing business. I want my money immediately!"



"But, Mr. Rollins, do me the justice to explain," Mr. McCandliss' voice replied. "What is the trouble? Here only last week you placed \$50,000 in my hands for a certain purpose, which I have not been able to use on account of the condition of the market. Your money is perfectly safe. Give me a show to turn it over for you, and you will be satisfied with the results. What is the cause of this sudden change of front? Have you heard anything against me?"

"Yes, I have, if you want to know, and I am not going to tell you what it is," was the disagreeable reply. "I want my money, Mr. McCandliss, that's all there is about it, and I want it now."

"Very good, sir. You shall have it," replied the speculator, throwing open the door.

"Mr. Robins, draw a check for Mr. Rollins' account," he called out.

"I won't take your check!" snarled Rollins, who was an old customer of the firm, and a man whom Sam knew quite well. "I want the cash."

Sam wondered why Mr. McCandliss did not knock him down, his tone was so insulting, but the old speculator was perfectly calm.

"Very well, Rollins, you shall have the cash," he said quietly. "Robins, draw the check to my order. Sam, take it around to the bank, and bring back the money. Mr. Rollins, take a chair until my clerk returns. You will find the morning paper there on the rack."

Thus speaking, Mr. McCandliss lighted a cigar, walked back into his private office and closed the door.

Sam and the old bookkeeper exchanged glances.

They knew that a check for \$50,000 would draw the bank account down pretty low.

For a long time business had been dull and the market dead against the speculator.

Mr. Rollins' commission had been a lifesaver, and no one knew better than Sam what a heavy blow it was to have it thus suddenly snatched away.

Thus Sam was feeling rather blue when he presented the check at the bank on Nassau Street.

The teller knew him perfectly, but he turned the check over several times and then looked hard at Sam.

"Mr. McCandliss ought to come himself for a check of this amount," he said, "but I suppose it is all right, Sam."

"It certainly is," replied Sam. "It's a sudden call, and the circumstances were such that Mr. McCandliss couldn't possibly leave the office. Of course, I can't insist on your paying it, though."

"Well, I'll pay it," said the teller. "You brought the money here, Sam, and I suppose it is safe to let you take it away. Tell Mr. McCandliss I want to see him about his account."

"I shouldn't wonder if I had to look up a new job before a great while," thought Sam as he put the money in the inside pocket of his coat.

It was all in hundred-dollar bills, and made quite a thick package. For safety's sake Sam tied it up in a piece of newspaper and then left the bank.

He crossed Nassau Street, and was passing along the broad sidewalk as you approach the corner of Wall Street, when he suddenly felt a stinging blow upon the back of his head.

Instantly Sam fell back into the arms of two men who had come up behind him.

He had been sandbagged in broad daylight.

Consciousness was rapidly deserting him, yet he struggled, and in the struggle the package of money which one of the men tore out of his pocket fell to the sidewalk. Sam saw it fall, but he fell with it, and after that he saw nothing and knew nothing until he found himself holding on to a railing, with a great crowd around him.

Of course, there was no policeman among the crowd.

"What's the matter?" several of the onlookers asked, but no one seemed to know.

"'Twas a fight. That feller got knocked out!" cried a newsboy from the edge of the crowd.

With his head all in a whirl, Sam pushed his way through the throng and ran down Broad Street like a madman.

He knew that he had been robbed. He knew that there was no help for it now, and he knew that the robbery meant ruin to his employer.

Poor Sam! Who can wonder that he was nearly insane?

## CHAPTER II.

### SAM SEES HIS SHADOW.

As white as a sheet, with blood running down the back of his head, and shaking all over, Sam burst into the office like a cyclone.

He expected to see Mr. Rollins still sitting in the chair, and to find his employer shut up in the private office, awaiting his return.

But Rollins was not to be seen and the door of the private office was wide open. Old man Robins stood behind the desk, quietly working on his books, but he came hurrying out when he caught sight of Sam.

"Why, Sam! What in the world has happened to you?" he exclaimed. "Did you take a tumble?"

"Where's Mr. McCandliss?" gasped Sam, hoarsely.

"Gone on the board. He told you he was going."

"Told me?"

"Why, yes."

"No! Where's Rollins?"

"Gone! As soon as he got his money he went away, the old beggar! I'd like to have kicked him out! But, Sam, are you crazy? You saw him go!"

"I saw him go?" gasped Sam, bracing himself by the bookkeeper's desk. "I saw him go!"

"Why, certainly. When Mr. McCandliss gave him the money he went right out, didn't he? Say, Sam, what's the matter with you? By gracious, if you had had time to get full, I should say you had been drinking. What ails you, anyhow?"

"What ails me? Great heavens, Mr. Robins, either I'm going mad or you are! I've been robbed—sandbagged and robbed of all the money I drew on that check! Oh! what shall I do?"

Mr. Robins' first act was to close the door; the next, to put Sam down into a chair.

"Look here," he said, "you must have fallen downstairs. Your head is all out. I'll send for a doctor. Sam, your brain is affected. This is a serious business. Don't you know that you brought the money in here wrapped in a newspaper, not five minutes ago, and gave it into Mr. McCandliss' own hands?"

What could Sam say? What could he do?

It was Sam's first experience with his shadow, and we propose to cut it short.

Questions and answers flew like raindrops in a thunder-storm.

All that Sam could make out of it was that some one exactly resembling him in dress, manner and general appearance had brought the money package into the office, delivered it into Mr. McCandliss' hands, and then hurried out again, saying that he would return in a few minutes.

Less than five minutes later, according to Mr. Robins, Sam himself came rushing in as described.

"The chances are that you fell and hurt yourself," said Mr. Robins finally. "This sandbagging business is a delirium. You had better go right away to a doctor and see if you have injured your brain, and if I were you I wouldn't say a word to Mr. McCandliss about it. I'm sure I shall not."

Sam took the bookkeeper's advice, but the doctor pronounced his wound a mere trifle.

"Very likely you were stunned," he said, when Sam told his story, "but as to the delirium business, I find nothing to have caused such a condition."

So the matter, beginning in mystery, ended in mystery, and as the days came and went Sam gradually began to forget it, although nothing could make him believe that he had not been sandbagged on the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, for he knew very well that he had.

Meanwhile, things improved at the office. The market turned Mr. McCandliss' way, and one day he told Sam that he had cleared a hundred thousand since Mr. Rollins withdrew his account. But the broker drank more heavily than ever, and Sam began to wish he had another position.

One afternoon as Sam was leaving the office for the day he passed out of the door rather suddenly, almost running into a young man who stood in the dark hallway, leaning against the stair rail.

Sam caught his breath, stopped, and stared, for the fellow was his exact duplicate in every particular, even to his clothes.

"Who are you?" demanded Sam.

The boy smiled, and, turning, shot downstairs like a streak. As soon as he could recover from his amazement Sam darted after him, but he was too late.

There were three ways of getting out of the building, one by the main entrance on Broad Street, one by New Street, and another by passing over an iron bridge and going down the stairs of another building and out upon Exchange Place.

Sam was too slow to see which way the other boy went when he reached the next floor.



Going out by the Broad Street exit, he could see nothing of his shadow, and as to trying to trace him after that it was no use.

That was the first time Sam saw his shadow, but it was by no means the last. Within the next three weeks he saw him as many as a dozen times, and yet, strange to say, he was never able to come up with him.

Once it was in a noted downtown restaurant, where Sam was getting his lunch. Again it was on the elevated railroad, and still again at a roof garden, where Sam happened to be with his friend, Al Thomas; twice it was on the street, once in a cable car, and so on.

Each time Sam was prevented from speaking to the boy for some good reason.

And so it went on, until Al Thomas, who was entirely in Sam's confidence, began to talk about the affair as "The mystery of the other boy."

One afternoon, after Mr. McCandliss had returned from the Board, a handsome private carriage drove down Broad Street, and a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, alighted and went upstairs to the broker's office, where she was received by Sam, who was much impressed with the radiant beauty of her face when she threw aside her veil.

"Is Mr. McCandliss in?" she asked.

"He is," replied Sam. "Who shall I say wants to see him?"

"Here is my card," replied the girl, who was not much older than Sam himself.

"Miss Delisle," was the way the card read, and the broker requested that she be shown in.

What passed between them Sam did not know, for the conversation, which was rather a long one, was conducted in low tones.

When Miss Delisle finally came out, Mr. McCandliss escorted her to the door, saying:

"It will be all right, miss. I will send the schedules up this evening by my clerk. Sam, show the lady to her carriage."

Thereupon, Mr. McCandliss returned to his private office and Sam led the way downstairs.

"Thank you," said Miss Delisle. "I can get in without assistance."

When she was seated, she said: "Pardon me, but are you the clerk who is to come to my mother's house to-night?"

"I presume I am, miss," replied Sam, flushing, for it was a fact that for the first time in his life he had been smitten by a pretty face.

"You want to ring twice," said the girl, "and if you are kept waiting after you are admitted be patient. I will explain what I mean later. Good-day."

Sam closed the door, the liveried driver touched up his horses, and off went Miss Delisle up Broad Street, while Sam turned to find himself confronted by his mystery.

Right behind him stood his shadow.

He was face to face with the "other boy."

### CHAPTER III.

#### STRANGE ADVENTURES.

"Who are you?" gasped Sam. "Why do you follow me?"

He was half overcome by the marvellous resemblance which this well-dressed boy bore to himself.

"Don't you go," replied his double, in low, earnest tones. "Don't you go! Do you hear what I say? Don't you go—that's all!"

Then he turned on his heel and darted around the corner of Exchange Place like a flash.

Sam was confused for the moment by the singular earnestness of his shadow's words, but quickly recovering from his surprise, he rushed around the corner, and, as usual, was just too late.

"By gracious! the next time I see him he won't escape me!" muttered Sam. "What is all this mystery? It must and shall be solved!"

As there was no chance of solving it then, Sam returned to the office, where he found Mr. McCandliss pacing up and down, well charged with liquor, as usual, and smoking the inevitable cigar.

He gave Sam a rather peculiar look as he asked:

"Has she gone?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sam.

"Daughter of an old customer of mine," said Mr. McCandliss, with a wave of his hand. "I have some of her family affairs in my charge. Sam, some time about eight o'clock I would like you to call at her house and deliver a package of papers. You had better take a receipt for them. These Delisles are queer people, and—and—well, you had better take a receipt."

Thus saying, Mr. McCandliss opened his private safe, took out a small, oblong package wrapped in a piece of faded brown paper, and tied with red tape, which he placed in Sam's hands, with the address.

"I could just as well have given them to her," he said, "but I wanted the receipt, and I did not like to ask for it. I hope I'm not interfering with any engagement of yours, Sam."

"Oh, not at all," replied Sam. "I can go just as well as not." But he thought of the warning, and it worried him not a little.

"Don't you go," he seemed to hear the shadow say. "Don't you go. Don't you go."

If Mr. Robins had been a more kindly man, very likely Sam would have told him about it and asked his advice.

But the bookkeeper was old and crabbed, and while he and Sam were on perfectly good terms, there was no confidence between them, so the boy left the office and started up Broadway for Worth Street, in the hope of meeting Al Thomas, who was employed in a wholesale dry goods house there.

Al had gone, however, and Sam had no chance of talking the matter over with him.

He thought about it while he walked on up Broadway, and he still pondered upon it while he ate his dinner in a Union Square restaurant, and by the time he rose from the table he had resolved to go.

"Confound that fellow! He makes me nervous," he muttered, "but he mustn't interfere with my business. What can I say to Mr. McCandliss to-morrow if I don't go?"

Sam's mind was now fully made up, and just before eight o'clock he stopped before a handsome brownstone house on a certain street in the sixties, just east of Fifth Avenue.

It was the address Mr. McCandliss had given him. Here Sam expected to find Miss Delisle.

There was nothing peculiar about the house, except that the shades were all drawn and every window dark.

Even now Sam hesitated.

He looked up and down the street, with some vague idea that he might see his shadow lurking somewhere in the shadows, but it was a cold, raw evening in the latter part of September, and looked very much like rain. It was decidedly not a pleasant evening for loitering, and there was nobody on the block.

"Well, it's make or break," thought Sam. "That fellow shan't scare me, anyhow."

He had now screwed his determination to the sticking point, so he ran up the steps and touched the electric bell twice.

He could hear it whirr inside, but for a long time there was no answer. At last, just as Sam was about to ring for the third time, with his mind made up to leave, then if he did not receive an immediate response, he heard some one at the door.

It was thrown open, and a strange-looking creature stood before him—a colored woman of great age, almost bent double, with a gay turban wound around her white wool.

"Oh, Master Arthur! Is it you?" she cried, in a shrill, piping voice, glancing up sideways at Sam. "What made you ring? Have you lost your key?"

"I wish to see Miss Delisle," replied Sam. "I come from Mr. McCandliss. Take my message, please."

The face of the old negress screwed up into a hundred knots.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she screamed. "I make a mistake, do I? All right, honey. Nebber mind de ol' woman. Walk right into de parlor, says de spider to de fly. Oh, yes, says de spider to de fly! He! he! he!"

She closed the door, and Sam shuddered for the moment as he found himself in darkness with this queer old crone.

Then there was a flash of light from an electric bulb, and the old woman flung open the door of an elegantly furnished parlor, pressing a button and lighting an electric chandelier with a dozen bulbs.

"Wait here, honey," she said. "Don't get nervous. Takes de missis long time mebbe. He! he! he!"

She limped away, leaving Sam to study his surroundings, which were of the most costly description.



He had been many times in Mr. McCandliss' parlors, as well as in those of some of his rich customers, but he had never before seen any such display of expensive furniture and costly paintings as this.

Any fear that he had was instantly banished. It seemed incredible that there could be any danger to him in a house like this.

Being fond of pictures, Sam began an inspection of those now displayed before him.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour, passed. He was still studying the paintings, until suddenly the striking of a tall chime clock which he had observed in the hall made him conscious of the lapse of time.

"Come," thought Sam, "Miss Delisle does take her time, for fair. Wonder if she means to keep me waiting all night?"

He had begun to grow nervous. The pictures now lost their charm for him all but one half-length portrait of a beautiful lady which hung against the chimney breast in front.

Sam found it difficult to keep his eyes off this picture, and the eyes of the lady seemed to follow him wherever he went.

Again and again he turned away, but it was only to turn his head back again for another look.

Vexed at himself, at last, he walked deliberately up to it.

All at once it seemed to him that he saw the picture move.

It was no fancy, either.

Suddenly the portrait swung outward, and to his utter amazement Sam saw the old negress crouching in a sort of niche behind.

She raised her hands, and flung the contents of a small copper vessel, about twice the size of an ordinary teacup, full in Sam's face.

The liquid burned like fire.

Sam clapped his hands to his eyes, experiencing a strange suffocating sensation.

His head dropped forward, he reeled, and fell to the floor, without having seen two persons standing in the doorway behind him.

They were Miss Delisle and Sam's shadow.

No one could have looked at the boy without at once noticing the marvellous resemblance which he bore to Sam.

"Close the panel, Ulla. That's all," he said. "I'll take care of him now."

"Be quick!" exclaimed Miss Delisle. "Let us get through with it as soon as possible. You will get the papers, I suppose?"

"Certainly. Leave it all to me," the shadow replied, and he stepped into the parlor and approached Sam, who lay as if dead upon the soft carpet, with his hands stretched out beyond his head.

Miss Delisle glided away, and the panel shot back into its place, while Sam's shadow bent over the unconscious boy.

"It has come at last," he muttered. "Still, he would have it so. He wouldn't listen to me. I wonder if there can be any mistake."

He caught hold of Sam and turned him over, finding his hands full all in an instant then.

It took a good deal to knock out Sam.

Old Ulla, at all events, had failed to accomplish it, although it came very near being a success.

Quick as lightning, Sam threw up both arms, clutched his shadow about the neck, and dragged him down on top of him upon the floor.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ATTACK ON THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

Sam Baker "put up" a brave fight, as the saying goes.

He was fully impressed with the idea that to be overcome by the other boy meant all sorts of trouble and perhaps death.

Therefore, although the other boy kept saying, "Don't! don't! I won't hurt you! I'm your friend!" Sam kept right on.

He got his arm around the boy's neck, he struck him with all his might about the head and face, and tried his best to get on top of him, making it absolutely necessary for the boy to defend himself.

Whether he could have got the best of Sam by ordinary means it is impossible to say, for he made little effort to do

so until all at once, when he found things were getting too hot for him, he managed to draw a handkerchief out of the inside pocket of his coat and press it to Sam's nose, which settled our hero's fate for the time being.

The handkerchief was saturated with chloroform, and as Sam could not get away from it, the drug did its work in a very few seconds.

Sam ceased to struggle and fell back upon the floor.

A few seconds more and he was entirely in the power of the other boy.

The boy pulled himself up, removing the handkerchief and restoring it to his pocket.

"I had to do it," he muttered. "I believe he would have killed me if I hadn't. Oh, I hope it won't do him any harm!"

He stood over Sam for a moment, like a person uncertain what to do next.

Then he went through his pockets, taking possession of Mr. McCandliss' package.

He had scarcely secured it when the electric bell buzzed, followed by a furious knocking at the door.

Sam's shadow jumped as though a shell had suddenly exploded under his feet.

"They are down on us at last!" he gasped. "I knew it would come to this. First to make certain, and then to decide what is to be done."

He ran out into the hall. Miss Delisle's voice was calling down the stairs:

"Arthur! Arthur! Save yourself! The detectives have come!"

"I thought as much," Sam's shadow called back in a suppressed voice. "I was just going to open the secret panel and have a look."

"It is not necessary. I saw them from the window. There are four of them in the vestibule now, and there are more getting over the fence in the rear. Fly! Fly, and save yourself, I say!"

"Do you look to yourself," retorted the shadow. "I'm all right."

"Have you got the papers?"

"Yes."

"I thought from the noise you were making that he was making a fight."

"So he was, but he is quiet enough now."

"Why don't you come up? Hurry! hurry! I want to close the door!"

"Close it, then, Cassie, and I'll come down by the roof. Don't you wait for me."

Hurried footsteps and the rustle of skirts were heard at the top of the stairs, while the shadow crept back into the parlor.

All this time blows were falling on the door fast and furious. It seemed only a question of time when it would be broken in.

The shadow did not wait for this result.

He stepped across to the fireplace, and touching a secret spring above the mantelpiece, the portrait moved outward, disclosing the niche behind.

The shadow then bent down, and with a tremendous effort managed to raise Sam and place him on a table which he had put under the mantelpiece, then from the table he raised him again and dropped the unconscious boy, all in a heap, in the niche.

He was all out of breath by this time, but he dropped off the table, moved it back into its place, climbed upon the mantelpiece and crawled in on top of Sam, just as the outer door gave way with a crash and two detectives in plain clothes and two officers in full uniform rushed into the parlor, where they were quickly joined by half a dozen other policemen who had broken in the back way.

At the head of the party was the noted Secret Service detective, Tom Lane, who prided himself upon never making a miss or allowing a prisoner to escape.

"Here we are, boys!" he cried. "We have got them cornered at last! They are hiding somewhere in this house. Spread yourselves, lively. I must have every one of them, and I won't forget those who have helped me when I come to pocket the big reward."

What was it all about?

As Tom Lane did not state, we cannot without spoiling our story.

Sam, crouching in the niche behind the picture, half conscious now, heard all that was being said, and realized that the police had descended upon the house for some mysterious reason.



His first thought was to call out and make his presence known, but second thought held him back.

"It's surely the police," he murmured. "I don't want to fall into their hands and get mixed up in a lot of crooked business. Just as sure as fate they will take me for that other boy."

"But where was the other boy?"

"Certainly not in the niche, wherever else he might be."

Sam could just recollect, in a dim sort of way, being lifted into the niche by his shadow, so he knew just where he was, as he crouched there listening to the conversation outside.

The detectives and policemen now spread themselves all over the house, and no doubt made a thorough job of it.

Tom Lane's report to his superiors was that he found nobody in the house, after a careful search from garret to cellar.

Still crouching behind the picture, Sam, half dazed from the effects of the drug, was suddenly startled by a flash of light and queer sounds above his head.

Before he had time to think twice about the matter his shadow was again beside him, holding a small dark-lantern, and crowded into one corner of the niche.

"Say, brace up! Do you hear me?" he whispered. "Do you understand what I say?"

Sam murmured an assent.

"The police are in this house," continued his shadow. "If we are caught we shall go to Sing Sing, and more than likely you will go with us. I'm the only friend you have got in this business. I want to save you. I will save you, if you will do what I say."

Sam was too weak to resist. Almost too weak to make any reply.

"Can't I make you understand?" demanded the shadow. "Didn't I help you that time in Nassau Street? Didn't I save your money, save you your job, and perhaps save your life into the bargain? Now remember that, and try and believe that I am your friend."

"What do you want me to do?" replied Sam. "All I want is to get away from here. If you really are my friend you will show me how to do that."

"Just what I am trying to do," replied the shadow. "Listen to me. Try and fix your mind on what I am saying. They are all upstairs now. There's only one man down here, and he is guarding the door. It is time for us to make a move. Look up! Do you see those irons? You want to climb up after me, and I will save you. Try and understand."

"I do understand," faltered Sam.

"Will you go?"

"I will. I've got to trust you. I can't help myself. If you go back on me I can't help that, either."

"I shall never go back on you," replied the shadow, in low, meaning tones. "You are all and all to me. I shall stick to you as long as you live. Now follow me."

Thus saying, Sam's shadow seized hold of the irons and drew himself up into the chimney, while Sam staggered to his feet and followed him as best he could.

## CHAPTER V.

### SERIOUS BUSINESS FOR SAM.

Sam had not far to go.

In a moment he saw his double move to one side and disappear.

Immediately the light was thrust out into the chimney and the shadow's head appeared.

"How are you making out?" he inquired.

"I'm coming," gasped Sam. "That infernal drug of yours has nearly killed me. I don't more than half know what I am about."

"Brace up," said the shadow. "It is absolutely necessary. do you hear?"

He leaned down and caught hold of Sam's hand and drew him through a narrow opening in the wall, and Sam passed directly into a well-furnished bed chamber, and a panel in the wall beside the chimney was closed.

The gas was lighted, and Sam could see his companion's face distinctly.

"Who are you?" demanded Sam. "What does all this

mean? If we were brothers we could not look more alike than we do."

"That is true," replied the shadow. "We may be brothers, I do not know. But this much I do know I warned you not to come here—isn't that so?"

"I suppose it is."

"You know it is. You didn't trust me. It would have been better for you if you had. There are two sets of people to contend with here. One is the police and the detectives; as for the other, I cannot tell you who they are; but this much I will tell—they mean to kill you!"

"Is Mr. McCandliss in it?" faltered Sam, pretty well scared now. "Did he send me here to be killed?"

"Certainly not! Mr. McCandliss knows a good many things, but he does not know everything. Among the things he does not know is why you were wanted here to-night."

"I'm glad of that," said Sam. "I shouldn't like to think that Mr. McCandliss had gone back on me. But what am I to do?"

"Pull off your clothes first, just your coat and vest and pants; you had better take off your collar and necktie, too. You are now next door to the house where you went in. The two houses connect by secret ways which are not known even by the man who owns them both. You are entirely safe from the police here unless the secret passages are discovered, which is not likely; but you are still in the greatest danger, for downstairs are those who would rather see you dead than alive!"

"Why don't you speak out plain and tell me what it all means?" demanded Sam, whose head was getting clearer every moment.

"I can't tell you what I don't know, perhaps. Why don't you undress, as I told you?"

"I don't want to undress here. What do you want me to do it for?"

"Can't you understand? I want you to pass for me. I want you to get out of this house alive. Now not another loud word. That fiend, old Ulla, may be listening to us. It is your last chance, Sam. If you don't do as I ask you I shall have to go away and leave you to your fate."

"I'll do it," said Sam. "I suppose I've got to. When you get good and ready to explain I suppose you will."

Without further words, Sam pulled off his clothes and put on the handsome suit which his shadow produced from closet and bureau drawers, completing his toilet even to a new hat.

The other boy watched him impatiently.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm all ready," said Sam.

"Are you armed?"

"No."

"You must have a revolver. Take this. Now open that door and go straight downstairs and out of the house. If any one tries to stop you don't hesitate to fire. Keep the revolver in your hand, but don't fire at that girl—Miss Delisle, I mean. If she tries to stop you, push by her and answer as if you were me. Do you understand?"

"I suppose I do," replied Sam, "as much as you will let me, that is—"

"Then go on. Of course, you understand that I can't go with you. If the two of us were seen that would give the snap away."

"Am I to go straight downstairs?"

"Straight downstairs and out the door. It opens easy. You won't have any trouble on that score."

"And then?"

"Why, once you are outside you will get away as lively as possible; but look out for the cops next door. If they get on to you I can't help you."

The shadow softly opened the room door.

"Go! Go, now!" he said.

"Do I see you again?" asked Sam.

"Didn't I tell you that I should stick to you forever? Go!"

"Well, good-by," said Sam. "I want to know more about you, and—"

The shadow touched his lips and pointed to the head of the stairs, closing the door as he did so.

Sam staggered downstairs.

He was strangely weak and very nervous.

He had the revolver in the side pocket of his coat, and his hand clutched it as he descended the stairs.

The first landing was safely passed.

There was a red light burning at the foot of the second staircase, and Sam could see the front door beyond.



That was the goal, and he began to think he should be able to make it without encountering any one, when suddenly a man sprang out into the hall below, calling in a suppressed voice:

"Who's there? Who's that on the stairs?"

Sam's heart beat furiously.

He made no answer, but took out the revolver.

"That you, Arthur?" called the man. "Why the blazes don't you speak? Thunder and Moses! What now?"

There was a sharp report, and Sam pitched headlong down the stairs, shot in the left side, just below the heart.

It was his own act. It was all due to careless handling of the revolver in the boy's trembling hand.

In a moment Miss Delisle was in the hall, screaming, "Arthur! Arthur!" while the man bent over Sam, trying to raise him, whispering as he did so:

"Hush, Cassie! Hush, for goodness' sake! Do you want to bring the police in here?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A STRANGE AWAKENING.

From the moment Sam Baker felt the pistol shot enter his side he knew nothing until he seemed to suddenly awaken out of a deep sleep to find himself lying in a bunk in a handsomely furnished stateroom.

He opened his eyes, and realized that he was on a steamer which was rolling in a heavy sea.

It would be difficult to describe our hero's sensations, for he did not fully understand them himself.

He felt strangely weak and indifferent to his surroundings. He tried to think where he was and how he came there, but his memory would not serve him.

All he could do was to wonder why he was on this steamer, and then he let his head drop back on the pillow and was off to sleep again.

It seemed but a moment when he awoke, although in reality it was over an hour.

He was no longer alone. A tall, grave-looking man, dressed in black, stood beside the bunk with a glass and spoon in his hand.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," he said, in low, respectful tones, "but the doctor's orders were that you should take your medicine every hour, and it is now past your time."

Sam took the medicine without a word.

Everything had come back to him as he awoke, but he seemed to forget that he was on the water, while all the rest was plain.

"Where am I?" he asked. "In a hospital?"

"No, Mr. Arthur, you are not in a hospital," was the reply. "You are on board your own yacht, the Rosalind. It was thought that a sea trip might do you good, and it seems to have done so, I am thankful to say. You are sailing up Long Island Sound."

"My name is not Arthur," said Sam. "Why do you call me that?"

"Yes, yes, I know," replied the man. "That's all right. Your head is not altogether clear yet, but you are better—ever so much better. Do you know me?"

"Indeed I don't."

"I am Alonzo, the nurse your grandfather hired to attend you. Fourteen weeks since I took charge now. A long time, but thank heaven I have brought you safely through."

"Fourteen weeks!" gasped Sam. "Fourteen weeks since what?"

"Since you were brought to the house. You don't remember, of course, for you were raving with fever then. Indeed, this is the first time I have had the pleasure of hearing you speak coherently. Really, it is quite a treat; but I must go now and tell Mr. Piper. He will be so pleased. So will Miss Florence, I am sure. Oh, this is a blessed day. I am sure it is one I shall never forget."

Then and there Sam was seized with a fierce dislike for Alonzo.

He looked so sleek, his voice was so soft, his manner so hypocritical, that Sam felt just like throwing something at him, if there had been anything at hand, and he had been able to throw it; but as it was, he turned his face to the wall and dropped off asleep again.

The yacht Rosalind drove on down the Sound in the teeth of a northeast storm.

Late that night the Rosalind tied up at a wharf in New London harbor, with Sam still sleeping peacefully in the stateroom. He had slept on through all the storm.

Toward morning everybody on board the Rosalind who happened to be asleep, Sam included, was suddenly awakened by a woman's piercing scream.

"Oh, he's dead! He's dead! Grandfather is dead!" were the words, and then there was the sound of violent weeping and a great deal of noise and confusion generally, all of which Sam heard.

He did not know what to make of it, any more than he knew what to make of Alonzo and his strange talk.

"This is some game or other of those people," Sam thought. "Oh, if I could only get away! If I could only escape and get back to New York! I'm going to dress myself and try for it. We seem to be tied up here, whatever place this is."

He raised himself on his arm and looked out of the stateroom window.

There was a big warehouse on the wharf, and a tug tied up on the other side.

Sam slipped out of the bunk.

He was so weak that he almost fell to the floor, but he had tremendous will power, and once he started to do a thing it took a good deal to turn him back.

There were several suits of clothes hanging from hooks against the wall of the stateroom, and after a long time, and with considerable effort, Sam managed to dress himself. The worst part was getting on his shoes.

He then sat down on a stool and tried to recover his breath.

Meanwhile the weeping had ceased. He could hear people running about the cabin, but no one came near the stateroom door.

"If I could only slip past them all and get ashore," pondered Sam. "I don't know what it all means, and I don't care; all I want is to get away."

He felt that he ought to hurry before Alonzo returned, so he managed to get on his feet again and then softly opened the door.

A perfect gem of a yacht cabin lay before him, its finishing being in the most costly woods, and its furnishings the most expensive that money could buy; but all Sam saw, or cared to see, were the stairs leading to the deck, and he staggered toward them, only to find that he had attempted more than he could carry out, for his strength suddenly deserted him, and the next thing he knew Alonzo was picking him up off the cabin floor.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur! How could you?" he exclaimed, reproachfully, "and with me always ready to lend you a helping hand. But I will not reproach you. I suppose you heard Miss Florence's cries. I suppose you know that your dear grandfather has breathed his last?"

Sam only stared.

"We have got her in her stateroom," continued Alonzo. "Poor, dear young lady! Even in her great grief she thought of you, and told me to say—"

"Stop!" cried Sam, springing up with more vigor than he would have supposed himself capable of. "Stop it, or you will drive me mad! Who am I? What am I? What does it all mean?"

He distinctly heard Alonzo mutter between his teeth, "you are an infernal lunatic! That's what you are, if you want to know." But the answer that was spoken aloud was in the same soft, purring voice that made Sam long to seize the fellow by the throat and bang his head against the wall.

"Who are you? Why, you are Arthur Piper, to be sure! Where are you? As I told you, you are on board your own private yacht, the Rosalind, now in New London harbor. What are you? Ah, my dear young man, you are one who may well be envied, for now that your grandfather has passed away you are heir to sixty million dollars—that is all."

It was overwhelming. Sam clutched the table with one hand and the chair arm with the other.

"Nonsense!" he gasped. "I am only Sam Baker, a Wall Street broker's clerk. There is some terrible mistake."

## CHAPTER VII.

### SAM DETERMINES TO GO AHEAD.

Alonzo looked at Sam in a puzzled way.

"Why do you say that?" he asked, slowly. "That's what you kept saying in your delirium. Let me advise you to



try to control yourself. Drop it. First thing you know some one will believe you are really not the heir to the Piper millions, but somebody else."

Sam stared at him dumbly.

Our hero was only human. It began to come into his weakened mind that it was a big thing to be heir to sixty million dollars.

"As long as these people are satisfied to accept you, what's the use of kicking?" he asked himself.

From that moment Sam resolved to keep still and take things as they came.

"I don't want to be an impostor," he said to himself. "I don't want anything that does not belong to me, but I don't know who I am. I never did. Perhaps they are right and I am wrong. I'll take Alonzo's advice for a day or two, anyhow, and see what comes of it. Time enough to speak out later on."

Sam leaned his head on the table and buried his face in his hands while he was thus thinking. Alonzo touched him on the shoulder, and it made him shudder. He could not understand why he had taken such a dislike to the man.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Arthur. It is what do you want?" was the reply. "I am only the servant, you are the master. Will you go back to bed again? Shall I send for the doctor? Do you feel strong enough to go on deck and get the fresh morning air? Would you like breakfast served here in the cabin? Would it please you to visit your grandfather's stateroom and view the remains? The undertaker has just finished his work. Everything is in shape. Give me your commands, Mr. Arthur. It shall be just as you say."

Having arrived at his determination, Sam resolved to go ahead.

"I would like breakfast on deck," he said. "Afterward I will let you know what to do next. Can it be so arranged?"

"It most certainly can, Mr. Arthur. Anything you wish can be arranged. What would you be pleased to have?"

"I leave that to you," said Sam. "Help me on deck."

A few minutes later Sam found himself seated in a steamer chair, well wrapped in rugs, lying back and viewing the beautiful New London harbor.

It was a perfect morning, and everything seemed so calm and peaceful that Sam felt as though he could sit there forever.

The yacht was a perfect beauty, just such a one as Sam had seen many a time shooting up and down the North River or on the bay.

The sailors, in their white and blue uniforms, flitted past him. Some were busy cleaning up the brasswork, others were working at the sails, getting ready to dry them, some were doing one thing, and some another, and all touched their hats respectfully as they came and went.

Soon two neatly dressed young men appeared, and setting a low table near the steamer chair, proceeded to spread it with costly china and silver.

A dainty breakfast followed, which Sam would have enjoyed immensely if it had not been that Alonzo stood by, closely watching him while the waiter administered to his wants.

Shortly after breakfast was over Sam fell asleep from sheer weakness.

When he awoke the morning was well advanced, and he found that an awning had been spread over him to shield him from the sun, while Alonzo sat by the rail, reading a book.

"Ah, you are awake!" he exclaimed, catching sight of Sam almost as soon as he opened his eyes. "Is there anything you will have? If there is I should be pleased to get it for you. If not, Miss Florence would like to see you. She is quieter now."

"Alonzo," said Sam, "come here. Remember I have been very ill. I—"

"As though I could forget it, sir! It was a terrible siege. The wound in your side is hardly healed yet, and then the brain fever—"

"Stop a minute. I want to speak," interrupted Sam. "My memory does not serve me. Who is Miss Florence? What is she to me?"

"Of course your memory does not serve you, Mr. Arthur. You have been out of your mind ever since you came to us. As far as your past is concerned I know nothing about it; but I have been told that you knew nothing of the change that had come over your fortune. Oh, I am prepared, sir—quite prepared for any strange statement you may make. As for Miss Florence, she is your grandfather's adopted

daughter. If you had not come upon the scene she would have been the heir, no doubt; but as it is, you are. I know, for I was one of the witnesses when your grandfather drew up his will, and I insisted upon reading it through. It is a rule of mine never to sign any document without knowing its contents, and—"

"Please stop!" cried Sam, holding up his hand. "You tire me. Let Miss Florence come. I will talk with her."

Alonzo bowed and silently withdrew.

Sam closed his eyes wearily and slept for a moment, awakening suddenly to find a young girl seated by his side.

Sam stared. He could not help it. Never in all his life had he seen such a pretty face.

"Don't disturb yourself," said the girl, in a low, musical voice. "I am Florence. You do not know me, but I have learned to know you. Let us be friends."

"I—I am sure I am much obliged to you," Sam stammered. "I want to be friends with everybody, but my head is all mixed up. I don't understand who I am or why I am here. Alonzo tried to tell me, but he tires me. I wish you would tell me. While we are talking I want him to go away."

Alonzo heard and immediately withdrew.

"Do you want me to tell you the whole story?" asked Florence. "It is a long one. I may tire you, too."

"Tell it," said Sam. "I don't think you can tire me. Yes, I want to know all."

"All that I know you shall know, but it is not much," replied Florence. "Your poor grandfather told me to be very patient with you if the time ever came when your mind was clear. First, I must tell you who you are. I don't mean who you were before you were shot, for, of course, you know that, but who you really are. Shall I go on?"

"Certainly," replied Sam.

"Then here it is. You are Arthur Piper, grandson of Mr. Thomas Piper, formerly of New Orleans, but lately of New York. Your father died when you were a mere infant, and you were adopted by your grandfather. When you were two years old you disappeared. It was supposed that you were stolen by your colored nurse, who disappeared at the same time. Your grandfather never ceased searching for you. He spent thousands upon thousands of dollars for that purpose. About four months ago he came to me and told me that he had at last found a clew, and that in a few days I would see the missing Arthur I had heard so much about. What the clew was I don't know. He never told me anything about it, and I don't think he told any one else. Our house was made ready for you, and I was looking forward to your return, when one day your grandfather came to me in great excitement and told me that you had accidentally shot yourself, and were lying at the point of death."

"That is true," murmured Sam. "I did shoot myself. That is quite true, but, oh! it all seems so strange!"

"They brought you to our house in an ambulance," continued Florence, "and you have been with us ever since. For weeks you were raving with brain fever, and it was a trying time. Of course, you did not know any of us—you will never know your grandfather now, but—"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Sam. "The proofs of my identity—were they conclusive?"

"Entirely so, your grandfather claimed. He has acknowledged you as his heir. You will inherit his millions, all except a small legacy which is left to me."

"And who are you?" asked Sam, faintly.

"Nobody," replied Florence, blushing. "A mere nobody. Your grandfather took me out of an orphan asylum when I was a little girl, because he thought I looked like you."

"And now I have cut you out? I have deprived you of a fortune! It does not seem right!"

"It is all right," replied Florence. "You are the heir. Just as soon as you are ready to take charge of yourself and your property I am ready to go away."

Sam reached out his hand and took hers.

"You will never go away with my consent," he said. "What you were before in the house to which I am going you must be still. That is all I have got to say about it, Florence. And now give me time to get used to all this. It tires my head to think of it, but—but I suppose I shall get used to it in time."

And then and there Sam made up his mind to get used to it.

"If there is any mistake, they will have to find it out for themselves," he thought. "I am determined to go straight ahead and keep my mouth shut about the past."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SHADOW'S WARNING.

Now we do not mean to say that our young friend, Sam Baker, did exactly right in thus determining to go ahead and keep his mouth shut, and let things take their course in the new and singular situation in which he found himself, for he certainly did not.

Sam felt certain that it was all a mistake about his being the heir to the Piper millions, and he was not quite sure that it was not a fraud.

There may be boys who in the same situation would have insisted upon stirring things up and having everything definitely explained; doubtless there are many of them, but Sam did not happen to be of that kind.

His life had been one long struggle for existence.

Fortune, by a strange freak, had thrown a rich prize in his way, and Sam quietly appropriated it and became a multi-millionaire.

Six months passed.

Sam began to think that he really was what people thought him.

He now passed under the name of Arthur Piper. He owned a magnificent house on Fifth Avenue, opposite the park, and not a stone's throw from the scene of his visit on that memorable night.

He owned also a fine mansion at Newport, a hunting lodge in the Adirondacks, and a winter villa in Florida.

Besides this he owned rows of houses in New York, and more rows in Brooklyn, and still other rows in New Orleans, which, although they yielded him a rich rental, he had never seen.

In addition to his real estate holdings he owned bank stock, insurance stock, railroad stock and telegraph stock. He was director in half a dozen companies, succeeding his "grandfather," purely on the strength of his holdings.

And besides this—there seemed no end to it all—he owned the yacht, and a private car, and the biggest part of a line of steamers plying between New York and Florida.

Sam was no dummy, no wooden man in his various capacities, as many of his brother stockholders very soon found out.

One of the first things he did when he began to pull himself together was to discharge Alonzo; the next, to discharge every servant in the big house and put in an entire new corps, who did not know his story.

Later he hired a handsome suite of offices in Wall Street, and discharging his grandfather's lawyers, took the management of his property into his own hands.

Meanwhile, Miss Florence Bondard had discharged herself. Although always kind and sisterly to Sam from the hour of their first acquaintance, she very properly left the Piper mansion on the day of the funeral, and took up her quarters with friends.

Later she received her legacy from Mr. Piper's estate and went to Europe.

Rumor said that Sam had proposed to her and been refused.

Such was the situation on the day Sam opened his Wall Street offices, and as yet he had never laid eyes upon Mr. McCandliss or any of his old friends.

Even Al Thomas had been ignored, although Sam had plans concerning him, and did not intend to go back on him by any means.

Promptly at nine o'clock one winter's morning Sam entered his elegant offices, closed the door, and looked around.

He was all alone. Nobody had been hired to assist him as yet. Few in the big skyscraper knew who Arthur Piper was, and as the simple gilt sign on the door did not state his business, nobody could guess that; in fact, Sam was not very clear upon that point himself.

Upon one thing, however, he was determined, and that was that he must not lead an idle life.

"If I am worth sixty millions to-day there's no reason why I should not be worth a hundred five years hence," was the way Sam reasoned.

He had often heard Mr. McCandliss say that a very rich man could not help making money if he was in the least shrewd, and he was determined to find out if this was true.

The first thing Sam did was to take one of his new letter-heads and write the following note:

MR. ALBERT THOMAS, No. — Worth Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I am in want of a bookkeeper, and you have been highly recommended to me. Although my business is simple, there are still large interests involved, and accuracy is indispensable. The compensation, therefore, will be in accordance. Kindly call on me at your earliest convenience. I shall be in my office rather late to-day, and could see you between five and six o'clock.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR PIPER.

"Wonder if he will know the writing," thought Sam, as he dispatched the letter by a messenger.

And then, for perhaps the hundredth time, Sam thanked his stars that he had gone to night school and so fitted himself for the position he had now been called upon to occupy.

Having written one letter, Sam proceeded to write another. It was very brief, and read as follows:

MR. E. McCANDLISS, Broad Street, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to see you on important business at your earliest convenience. Kindly favor me with a call.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR PIPER.

This letter Sam dropped in the mail chute at the elevator, and he was just returning to his office when the postman stopped, and selecting a letter from his bundle, said:

"Piper?"

"That's me," replied Sam.

It was the first letter addressed to his new office, and Sam felt quite business-like when he opened it, but his face grew long when he glanced down the page.

The letter, which was as brief as his note to Mr. McCandliss, read thus:

SAM: I admire your nerve. You play your part well. Beware. They are about to strike at you. Let your answer be No, and trust your

SHADOW.

For a long time Sam sat with the letter open in his hand, which it is safe to say he read twenty times.

At last he put on his hat and walked about the old familiar downtown streets for an hour, trying to figure out what it all meant.

"I am watched, that's sure," he concluded. "Well, let them strike. Possession is nine points of the law. Of course, I could not expect to enjoy this immense fortune undisturbed by those who put it into my hands. I'm ready. I'll go back and wait for them. Perhaps they will strike to-day."

With a firm tread, Sam returned to Wall Street, ascended to the tenth floor by elevator, and opened his office door.

There was a man pacing up and down at the other end of the hall, apparently waiting for some one.

"That's my enemy, and I'll bet on it," thought Sam, all in a tremble.

He listened, and could hear quick steps coming over the marble tiling toward his office door.

## CHAPTER IX.

"No."

With his heart in his mouth, so to speak, Sam seized a pen and pad and began to write.

He was thus engaged when the door opened, and, to his utter surprise, who should walk in but Alonzo, his former nurse.

"Good-day, Mr. Piper. May I have a word with you?"

"Why, Alonzo! How do you do?" exclaimed Sam, immensely relieved. "I am really glad to see you. What ever brought you here?"

"Business," replied Alonzo, grimly. "I am in want of money, sir."

"Oh, if that's the case, I think I can soon fix you up," replied Sam. "Why didn't you let me know before? How much do you want?"

"I want," began Alonzo, seating himself in the chair beside Sam's desk, taking off his hat and depositing it on the floor. "I want one hundred thousand dollars. I don't want a check. I want it in cash."



Turning his eyes full upon Alonzo, Sam nerved himself for the struggle.

"No!" he said, with apparent calmness, and then he repeated it.

"No!"

Alonzo smiled, and, taking out a red silk handkerchief, mopped his perspiring brow.

"Probably you do not understand the situation, Arthur," he said. "You know the agreement. You know who sent me. Do you dare refuse?"

Sam was silent.

"You will pay," continued Alonzo, in the same icy manner.

"No!"

"Oh, but you will!"

"No!"

"What do you mean? Are you going back on us?"

"No!"

"I thought not. Fork over, Arthur. Of course, you understand that this is only the beginning. Let us have no more words. Hand over the cash."

"No!"

"Nothing could exceed the mechanical calmness with which Sam uttered that little word.

Now Alonzo showed himself in his true colors.

He seized his hat, clapped it on his head, and thrust his face close to Sam's.

"Pay!" he hissed. "Pay!"

"No!"

"Blast you, Arthur! Don't try to bluff me. Say that again and I'll push your face in! Pay!"

"No!"

Alonzo sprang to his feet and made as though he would strike Sam, but thinking better of it began pacing the floor.

"You're a pretty pill!" he cried. "You think you can shake us. You've got the big head bad. Remember the other boy still lives. You don't know what happened after you shot yourself. Do you want us to expose you? Do you want to be brought down off your high perch? You with your sixty millions, and not one cent for your friends!"

"No!"

Once more Sam said it, and it did look then as though he had said it once too often, for Alonzo, with a roar of rage, sprang at his throat.

But Sam was ready for him.

Quick as lightning he drew off and struck the fellow square in the face, a fearful blow, which threw him back.

Then the real danger came.

"You'll pay for that, Arthur!" hissed Alonzo, whipping out a revolver.

He would have fired on the instant, but he never got the chance.

He did not see what Sam saw nor did he hear the door open behind him.

A young man who had entered, at a quick sign from Sam sprang upon him. The revolver was dashed to the floor, and Alonzo, caught around the waist with an iron grip, was flung out into the hall, where he fell in a heap on the marble floor.

"Sam!" gasped the boy who did it. "Oh, Sam!"

"Shut the door, Al!" cried Sam. "Shut it and lock it. I won't forget this. You have saved my life."

## CHAPTER X.

### ONCE MORE THE SHADOW.

Sam's fine schemes, carefully thought out, to see if Al Thomas would know him, were all knocked on the head.

He had intended to be very dignified, and he was keen to see how Al would take it all; the last thing he had anticipated was such a scene as this.

"This will bring trouble. We can't leave him lying out in the hall!" gasped Sam, as soon as the door was locked on Alonzo. "What are we to do?"

"How can I tell, when I don't understand it at all?" replied Al. "Where in thunder have you been all this time, Sam? What brought you here in this office? Is that Mr. Piper? Is there no one else here? Were you looking for the book-keeper's place? What?"

"Hold up, Al! Hold up!"

Sam held up his hand as he said it. Al stopped short, and wanted to know what the matter was.

"I think he is going to take the elevator. I heard the bell ring. Let's be sure."

Listening, they heard the elevator stop, and knew that Alonzo had got on board, as they heard the elevator boy say, "Step lively!"

"Now, then, Al," said Sam, "I am almighty glad to see you. How are you?"

There was a great shaking of hands, but Al appeared to be somewhat cool.

"You turned me down, all right, Sam," he said, "but of course I wasn't going to see you jumped on like that. I'd like to know something about this business."

"Wait a bit, Al, and I'll explain all."

"Wish you would, but business first is my motto. Who wrote this letter? I need not ask, though. I thought I knew the writing as soon as I looked at it. I see now it is yours."

"It is."

"You wrote it?"

"I did."

"For your new boss? Are you working for Mr. Piper, then?"

"I am Mr. Piper, and my name is not Sam, but Arthur."

Al scratched his head and looked puzzled. Then he shook his fist in Sam's face in a half good-natured way and said:

"You lie, Sam Baker! You know you do! Now, then, what's your game?"

Sam did not tell him all. That he could not very well do without putting himself in rather a dubious light, but he told enough to make Al open his eyes to their fullest extent, and to call forth many exclamations of wonder and surprise.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are the heir to old Tom Piper's millions, the fortunate young fellow that the papers have all been talking about?" he exclaimed.

"I guess I am," replied Sam. "That's what they tell me. Anyhow, I've got those same millions in my fist, and I mean to keep them, too."

"Gee! It is just wonderful! And that man we threw out—who was he?"

"A blackmaller. I don't want to talk about that matter now, Al. I've told you all I can at present. The question is, do you want to come here and look after my books?"

"Sam, I should have to think about it. This thing has taken me completely by surprise."

"Of course it has," replied Sam. "I appreciate all that, Al, but I want you to understand that it hasn't taken you any more by surprise than it has me. You used to get \$15 a week up there in Worth Street. What are you getting now?"

"Same old \$15, Sam. I had hoped that the boss would make it fifteen and a half this year, but he didn't. He's as mean as they make 'em."

"Come to me, Al, and I'll give you \$50 a week. I need a friend. I must have one. Think it over and let me know. In the meantime I want you to come up to my house and see me. I'm tired of living there alone. Your people are all out in the western part of the State. What's to hinder you from coming to live with me? Nothing, of course. Then your \$50 will stand you clear."

Now all this was very fine, but Al was a sensible fellow, and wanted time to think.

Promising to meet Sam after business hours, and take dinner with him, he went away, greatly puzzled, as may be imagined.

Sam remained in the office until nearly four o'clock, but Mr. McCandless did not put in an appearance, so he locked up and went home.

Thus ended Sam's first day as a business man on his own account.

That evening Sam met Al. They had one of their old-time dinners together at the same old restaurant where they had dined so many times. Afterward they strolled on up Broadway and Fifth Avenue until they came opposite the park.

Of course, Al had the whole story given him by this time. Sam just had to tell somebody, and Al became greatly excited over it.

"I don't like it, though," he declared. "Of course, it is none of my business, but you stand a fair chance of landing in jail before you are through, Sam. That's what I think."

"Never!" cried Sam. "I didn't do it. No one can prove that I did, but I mean to stick now, and no one shall black-mall me out of one red cent. I'll fight them to the last gasp."



"You have got more nerve than I have, Sam. I never could play the game. Gee! That's a fine house there next to the corner! Wonder who owns that?"

"Well, it is supposed to belong to me," laughed Sam. "That is where I live, all alone, in solitary state."

"Your home? That?" exclaimed Al, more and more astonished. "Well! well! I— Great Scott! There you are standing at the top of your steps. Once more the shadow, Sam!"

There he stood at the top of the stone steps, looking down at the boys.

"We have got him now!" cried Sam. "Come, Al! He'll have to give an account of himself! He can't escape!"

Together the boys hurried toward the steps.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WARNED AGAIN.

However interesting or otherwise these details may be, it is necessary to cut them short, for we must hurry on to other and still more interesting events.

Sufficient to say that when Sam and his friend Al Thomas reached the top of the steps the shadow was not there.

The boy had vanished, but where, how or when neither Sam nor Al could tell.

Al was confident that he went into the house. Sam did not see where he went, and the door was closed and fastened by the spring latch.

As soon as Sam got inside he turned the electric light on in the elegant suite of rooms and hurried the wondering Al through them all.

No trace of the shadow, and Sam touched a bell twice, which brought a grave-looking young Englishman with a full, tawny beard, into the room.

This was Sam's new valet, recently engaged upon the very highest recommendations, and a most efficient person he had proved himself to be.

"Marcus," said Sam, quietly, "as I was coming up the steps I thought I saw a gentleman at the door. Did any one come in just now?"

"Why, I was standing at the door, sir," replied the valet. "There was no one else. I just stepped out to get a mouthful of fresh air."

"You! It surely was not you, Marcus!"

"I was out there a minute ago. Perhaps the electric light deceived you."

"Perhaps," replied Sam, and he dropped the subject.

Al stayed that night, and next day he resigned his place and took up his quarters in Sam's office, determined to cast his fortunes with his former friend.

The same day Marcus the valet disappeared from the house, bag and baggage. A careful search failed to show that he had stolen anything, nor was it found out when or how he went.

Sam had his own ideas about the matter. He did not engage a new valet. Al took up his quarters at the great house by the end of the week, and he and Sam voted that a valet would be a nuisance.

Sam needed a typewriter in the office, and as neither he nor Al wanted a young girl, they advertised for a man.

There were fifty answers, and while Sam was trying to make up his mind who to choose in walked a respectable elderly man, who gave the name of Mudgett, and applied for a typewriter's position. Sam dictated a few letters to him, and finding him to be satisfactory, engaged him.

The boys liked Mr. Mudgett immensely. He was quiet, respectful, and knew his business. Before two weeks were over Sam felt that he had made no mistake in engaging him.

One of the first things Sam did was to look into the matter of Mr. McCandliss. As the broker did not call, Sam concluded to call on him, when the mystery was at once explained.

The old offices were in other hands. There was a new sign on the door.

Sam then sent for Mr. Towns, a well-known broker, but not until he had learned that McCandliss had failed and had lost his seat on the Stock Exchange.

Where he was, nobody knew, but Sam was assured that he had lost everything, which he was very sorry to hear.

There was an interesting session when Mr. Towns called, which greatly amused Al.

The broker came in at half-past three, shortly after the closing of the board.

Sam happened to be in the outside office at the time.

"Why, Sam! How are you?" exclaimed Mr. Towns. "I haven't seen you in an age. Are you working here now?"

Al could scarcely keep a straight face at the way Sam handled himself then.

"I think you are making a mistake, sir," he replied, calmly. "My name is Piper. May I ask your business?"

"I beg your pardon!" gasped the broker. "I—I called in response to your note, Mr. Piper. I hope you will pardon me, but you bear a remarkable resemblance to a young man I used to know."

"Certainly, sir. Say no more about it. Step into my private office. You remember my grandfather, Thomas Piper, I presume?"

Mr. Towns remembered him very well. In fact, he had executed several commissions for him. He declared that he would be most happy to represent young Mr. Piper on the Stock Exchange, and Sam gave him several commissions, displaying a knowledge of the business which greatly puzzled Mr. Towns. But the broker was only too well pleased to get hold of the business, and any suspicions that he might otherwise have had were quickly thrust to one side.

Six weeks passed, and Sam attended strictly to business. He had studied the methods of Mr. McCandliss with great care, and if there was a boy on Wall Street who knew his business it was certainly Sam.

There could be but one result.

Sam had unlimited capital, and this combined with his previous knowledge and Mr. Towns's good judgment, brought success.

At the end of six weeks Al reported a clear gain of half a million dollars.

The same day Sam advanced Al's salary to \$100 per week and made Mr. Mudgett's \$40 instead of \$20.

"Now, then, let us three pitch in and see what we can do," he said. "I want to make a million before spring, and I mean to do it, too."

Mr. Mudgett went away early that afternoon, and just as Sam and Al were leaving the office the postman dropped a letter through the door.

The moment Sam opened it and glanced at its contents his countenance changed.

"What's up?" asked Al.

"Read it," replied Sam. "I have no secrets from you."

Al took the letter, which was typewritten, and read as follows:

SAM: Second warning. They are going to strike again. Just how, I cannot ascertain, but the blow is meant to be a heavy one. Beware!

YOUR SHADOW.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SAM LOSES A MILLION.

"What are you going to do about it, Sam?" asked Al, in some alarm.

"Nothing," replied Sam. "I'm going to keep quiet and lay for him. You keep the letter, Al. File it carefully away. We may want it for reference later on. One thing is sure. Brother Alonzo will think twice before he calls at the office again."

A month passed, and there was no sign of the anticipated blow.

It was such a month as Al had never expected to put in, not even in his wildest dreams.

Sam had joined an expensive club, and he bought a membership for Al, too, paying a year's dues in advance.

Then there was the opera, balls, and one social party after another.

Mr. Piper having been well known to society, it was only natural that society should want to know his grandson and heir.

Wherever Sam went, Al went, too. Society soon discovered that it was useless to invite the one without the other, and acted accordingly. The boys had very little spare time, and it is needless to say that Sam was immensely popular with all mothers with marriageable daughters, to say nothing of the daughters themselves.



That winter Sam could have become engaged to twenty different belles, but he fought shy of them all.

Meanwhile, business at the office was strictly attended to, and although there were several setbacks, considerable money was made.

Twice Sam saw his shadow during that month, once at the opera, and again on Wall Street, just after business hours.

One morning Sam received a telephone message from Mr. Towns, asking him to lunch with the broker at Delmonico's, on South William Street.

"Mr. Piper, I've got a big scheme on hand for you," said the broker, when they were seated at the table. "You know the C. & N. W. road has just been bonded again?"

"So I heard," replied Sam. "They claim good business both to and from Chicago. They run through the very best part of Wisconsin, and it ought to pay."

"It has been shamefully robbed," replied Mr. Towns, "and could easily be made to pay in honest hands. I am offered, for one million cash, bonds enough to control the road. It's a bargain. A regular snap. Even if you don't care to assume railroad management yourself, it is still a snap, for there is no doubt that you could make a deal to sell out to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul for a good round sum. Here are the figures. Go over them carefully, and let me know if you want to go in. Of course I am not urging you. It is merely a suggestion."

Sam studied the figures for two days, talked the matter over with Al, and determined to make the venture.

The morning after he came to the decision he dictated a letter to Mr. Mudgett to that effect to be sent to Mr. Towns.

For the first time the old stenographer ventured to express an opinion.

"Mr. Piper, may I say a word about this letter?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mudgett. Speak out," replied Sam, who had come to have great respect for his typewriter.

"Who is selling these bonds to Mr. Towns?"

"The road, I presume."

"Wouldn't it be well to find out before investing so large a sum?"

"Why, Towns is reliable. I have known him for years."

"For years? I thought you had only been in business—"

"I mean for a year," broke in Sam, hastily correcting himself. "Come to the point, Mr. Mudgett. Don't hesitate to speak your mind."

"There have been so many cases of forged securities of late, sir," said the man, gravely, "that I thought it might be well to make sure."

Sam smiled at the warning, and bought the bonds, which were delivered to Mr. Towns, who promised to attend to the registration of the transfer.

Sam dismissed the matter from his mind. The price paid had been a low one. He did not care to hold the bonds, but he did expect to offer them to the rival road later on, and he saw a large profit ahead.

Such was the situation, when about noon the next day Mr. Towns came rushing into the office, looking like a wild man.

"Great heavens. Mr. Piper, I'm a ruined man!" he gasped. "Do whatever you like with me! Have me arrested—break me on the Board—it's all my fault, my own carelessness! It's the hardest blow I ever had since the day I started in business. I shall go crazy—I—I—"

"Stop! stop! What is the matter?" cried Sam.

Al rushed out to hear, but Mudgett kept clicking away at his typewriter, and never so much as raised his eyes.

"Trickery is the matter!" shouted Towns. "Every one of those bonds is a forgery!"

Sam stood in utter silence.

The blow had fallen.

The enemy had struck at him again.

Sam had dropped a million, but he simply said:

"Oh, never mind, Towns. Don't worry. Have a cigar. It isn't your fault. I was duly warned."

Click! click! went Mudgett's typewriter, but the man said never a word.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE SHADOW SPEAKS AGAIN.

When Sam got Mr. Towns quiet he took him into his private office, and, locking the door, questioned him further about the forged bonds.

His story was a brief one. The swindle offered nothing new, and what made the broker all the more angry was that he had been the victim of such a shallow trick.

It was done in this way:

A new concern, called S. S. Smith & Brother, had been opened on lower Broadway, with finely furnished offices and every appearance of prosperity.

They claimed to be financial agents, and through Towns had bought and sold a number of times on the Stock Exchange.

One day the senior partner, Mr. S. S. Smith, came to Towns and told him that they had obtained control of the bonds of the C. & N. W. Railroad, which was a small line running up into northern Wisconsin.

He had showed the broker the bonds, and at his request loaned him one to show his client. Towns' real motive for borrowing the bond was to ascertain its genuineness, which he did, and allowed that to satisfy him; but when he came to present the bonds bought on Sam's account at the office of the company for registration every one except the borrowed bond was pronounced a forgery.

Wild with excitement, Towns rushed around to the offices of S. S. Smith & Brother, only to find that they had been closed since the day before.

The firm had vanished, leaving their fine furniture behind them, and leaving Towns and Sam with the forged bonds on their hands.

"So that is the story," said Sam.

"That's it," said the broker, dolefully. "Of course, you can sell me out, if you want to, Mr. Piper. I acknowledge it is all my fault, and I am prepared to make amends, though it will mean my ruin. I may have been a fool, but I am an honest man."

Sam turned and looked the broker full in the face.

"Mr. Towns," he said, "there is more to this matter than you understand. I was duly warned. I do not hold you responsible. You owe me nothing, and this should not stand between us. Keep your property, and keep your seat on the Stock Exchange, but start a detective on the case at once. I'll pay the bill, but I don't want to be known in the matter. Shake hands. Everything will go on just the same."

It was a most generous act, and there were tears in the broker's eyes when he pressed Sam's hand.

"I shall not forget this, Mr. Piper," he said. "If ever there is anything I can do for you—"

"Never mind," said Sam, "we will consider the account squared."

After the broker had taken his departure, Sam went out to speak to Al, and discovered that the typewriter had gone, too.

"He left in a hurry," said Al, "and he gave me this note for you. There seemed to be something the matter with the old fellow."

Sam seized the envelope and tore it open. Al saw a look of amazement on his face as he read.

"What is the matter now, Sam?" he demanded. "More about the bonds?"

"Read that," said Sam, as he handed the note to Al.

Al read as follows:

SAM: What an easy mark you are! Even my poor disguise fooled you. Sharpen up your wits, or there will be nothing but trouble. They struck sooner than I thought for. If you had taken me into your confidence about the bond transaction this never would have occurred. I see now that I can't stay with you, as I would like to do, therefore I leave, in order that I may better work for your interests. You will have to get a new typewriter, but that is easily done. Beware of the enemy. They will strike again, but if it lies in my power you will be duly warned in time.

Yours always. Not Mudgett, but your

SHADOW.

"Well!" exclaimed Al.

"He's my friend, anyhow," said Sam, "and some day we shall meet and know each other."

Great was the excitement on Wall Street when the story of the forged bonds became known.

The papers were full of it, but Sam's name was not connected with the affair, and the public was not made aware on whose account the bonds had been purchased.

The days came and went, but no intelligence was received of the bond thieves.



Mr. Piper hired a new typewriter, and old Mudgett was never seen again.

Several weeks passed. Sam and Al stuck right to business, and it must be admitted that Sam met with considerable success.

By careful dealing in small lots he made a handsome profit and found it unnecessary to touch his big capital at all. Indeed, Sam hesitated about doing so. He felt that the Piper fortune really belonged to some one else. He had wasted a big slice of it by rushing headlong into one big transaction, and he did not propose to do it again.

Meanwhile, Sam saw nothing more of his shadow.

He found it very hard to believe that old Mudgett had been a boy but little older than himself, and yet as he looked back he could recall many things which seemed to confirm that idea.

About this time a new series of adventures came to Sam, which we must now describe, and they may be said to have begun by a casual remark made by Al one evening as they sat at dinner together in Sam's elegant house opposite the park.

"Sam," said Al, "why don't you put a slice of your money into a big tract of land near New York? It would always be valuable, and in case trouble ever came it would be hard to get away, while all your houses and everything else inherited from the Piper estate might be swept away at one blow."

"A good idea," said Sam. "I'll do it."

So Sam set out to look up a tract of land which would meet his views, and visited a number of real estate brokers with that idea.

One day he received a letter from Stony Point, New York, a small town on the Hudson River:

MR. PIPER.

Dear Sir: I understand that you want to buy a tract of land suitable for villa sites. I have such a tract, bordering on the Hudson River, four miles above this place, and extending back among the Highlands of the Hudson for three miles, which I am willing to dispose of at a low figure. Come and see me. I live in the old Wetmore house, near Blake's Landing, two miles from which place you will have to take a team.

Yours truly,

JAMES RUSH.

"Well, that's rushing things with a vengeance," laughed Al, when Sam handed him the letter. "You have turned down half a dozen offers, Sam. What do you think of that?"

"Just what I want," said Sam. "Let's run up there in the Rosalind this very afternoon and see Mr. Rush."

"I'd like nothing better. A sail up the Hudson would be just great."

"Then we'll go," said Sam. "We need no team. We can go right to Blake's Landing in the Rosalind. Just send a message to Captain Beasley that we will be on board at four o'clock, will you, Al?"

Al rang for a messenger boy and Sam went on reading his mail.

When Al turned away from the district telegraph machine he saw that Sam looked pale, and he asked what the matter was.

"Read that," said Sam, turning over a typewritten message, which Al read aloud:

Sam: It's coming again. Something to do with this land you're trying to buy, but just what I can't tell you. Beware! Always your

SHADOW.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MAN ON THE YACHT.

Sam snatched away the letter, tore it into a dozen pieces, and flung it on the floor.

"It makes me sick!" he cried. "By gracious, Al, sometimes I feel like throwing up the whole business and running away."

"Brace up," said Al. "It's hard, I know, but at the same time you have got a lot at stake. I tell you what I would do if I was in your place, Sam."

"What?"

"Give up business. Go to Europe or somewhere else. Build a fine yacht, and let's you and I go on a three years' cruise."

"By Jove! I'll do it!" cried Sam. "I'll do it just as soon as I get through with these deals Towns has on hand."

"And drop the land business, if the danger lies there."

"Oh, well, let them swindle me if they can. I shall purchase no land without good advice. You bet I shall know just what I am doing when it comes to paying the cash."

"And you will go up to Blake's Landing just the same as if you hadn't received the letter?"

"Certainly I shall. What harm can there be in interviewing an old hayseed? Anyhow, it will be a pleasant trip."

Thus it happened that Sam and Al went on board the Rosalind that afternoon at four o'clock, and Captain Beasley started up the Hudson.

It was like a dream to Al to sit there on the deck under the awning with his old chum, gliding up the Hudson, and fancying himself a millionaire.

But this was an every-day occurrence in pleasant weather, and Al, of course, knew every sailor on the yacht; hence his sharp eyes were quick to pick out a slim young man with short blonde hair and closely cropped beard, who he at once saw was a stranger on board the yacht.

"Who is that fellow, Sam?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know," replied Sam. "He's a new hand, isn't he?"

"That's what he is. Seems to understand his business, too, from the way he goes about it."

Captain Beasley was just passing.

"Beasley, who is that young fellow with the whiskers?" Sam asked.

"Name is Carlos, sir," replied Captain Beasley. "I engaged him yesterday to take Bob McFarland's place."

"And where is Bob?"

"Don't know. He didn't turn up. I suppose he is on a drunk."

The boys thought no more about Carlos, and soon after they went to dinner in the cabin, where the steward had prepared one of his excellent meals.

While the boys were still dining the yacht stopped, and the waiter reported that they were off Blake's Landing.

It was now about half-past six. Sam had ordered dinner early in order that they might have a chance to interview Mr. Rush and sail back by moonlight.

When he and Al came on deck they found the Rosalind lying under the shadow of the famous Highlands of the Hudson, as wild and romantic a spot as the world can produce.

"Just what I want!" exclaimed Sam, looking about. "I'd give anything to own one of those mountains. If this man Rush makes me any sort of a reasonable offer, Al, I'm going to close with him. That will knock out my enemies, all right, for by the time they get ready to strike they will suddenly discover that the deal is all made."

"How many offers have you had altogether?" asked Al.

"More than a hundred," replied Sam, "and I suppose one of them contains the trap; but which one? Al, if I only knew, I'd make it hot for those fellows, you bet."

"It may be this one, Sam."

"Of course. There is just one chance in a hundred that you are right. Hello, captain! Got the boat ready. Mr. Thomas and I are going ashore."

It was the young man named Carlos who was detailed to pull the boys over to the landing.

He seemed like a pleasant fellow, but not disposed to talk much, for his answers to the few questions which Sam put to him were merely "yes" and "no."

"You'll wait for us here, Carlos," said Sam, as he climbed up the rickety old pier. "We shall not be gone over an hour, probably, or an hour and a half at the most."

"All right, sir," replied Carlos, and he settled down to make himself comfortable in the boat, while Sam and Al walked off the pier and climbed the hill.

It was getting toward dusk, and heavy clouds gathering over the Highlands seemed to indicate an approaching storm.

"Strange," remarked Sam. "I don't feel right about this business, Al. I've half a mind to give it up and go back to the yacht."

"Why not?" replied Al. "If you feel that way let's do it. It is not a matter of life or death."

Sam stopped and looked back.

As he did so he thought he saw a man just coming over the hill, but before he could be sure a sharp clap of thunder attracted his attention, and when he looked back again there was no one to be seen.

"Probably I was mistaken," thought Sam. "Come on, Al."



Let's hurry up to that house on ahead there. It's going to rain."

They walked rapidly along the road then, and Sam thought no more of the man.

But he had not been mistaken.

There had been a man on the hill behind them.

The man was Carlos.

At that moment he stood concealed behind a tree, watching their movements.

A moment later he pulled away from the tree and glided along through the fringe of bushes which skirted the road, following the direction taken by Sam and Al.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE VEILED WOMAN IN THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

"The old Wetmore house? Why, yes, it's right up there on the hill," said the man who came out of the house at the roadside at which Sam had stopped to inquire the way.

"That hill?" asked Sam, pointing up the road.

"Yes," replied the man. It's in behind them trees there; but say, boss, who did you want to see?"

"A man by the name of Rush," replied Sam. "Do you know him?"

"Well, yes, I just know him, and that's all. He hasn't lived there but a short while. The house was shut up and deserted for years, but a few weeks ago along came this feller and took it. I don't know nothing at all about him, and that's the truth."

"Don't he own the land about here?" asked Al.

"I don't know that, neither," replied the man. "The land about here all belongs to the Brasher estate, and they do say as how this man Rush has something to do with it. Some say he's the agent, and some say he bought it, but I can't tell."

"It looks queer, Sam," said Al, as they walked up the hill.

A sharp flash of lightning, followed by a deafening peal of thunder, which echoed and re-echoed among the Highlands, drowned Sam's answer, and just then the rain began to fall.

The boys started running up the hill for all they were worth, never pausing until they had reached a gate which opened into extensive grounds, in the midst of which they could see standing a large stone mansion of ancient appearance.

"In with you, Al!" cried Sam. "That's the house, fast enough, and this man Rush can't refuse us shelter, whoever he is. I'll be blessed if I'm going to stand out here in the rain."

Sam opened the gate, and he and Al hurried along the gravel walk and took refuge under an old tumbledown porch.

It was now as dark as midnight, and the rain was pouring in torrents. Sam heartily wished himself back on board the yacht.

"I don't like this gloomy old roost, Al," he said. "Not a ray of light visible anywhere. I don't believe Rush can be at home."

"Don't know," replied Al, "but I do know that I wish I was. I don't like it a bit better than you do. I feel as though we had made a big mistake in coming here."

"Hark!" cried Sam. "There's some one coming through the hall toward the door. We shall soon know what it all means. I'm going ahead anyhow, hit or miss."

He seized the old brass bell knob and gave it a violent pull, a deep-toned going sounding behind the door.

Instantly the footsteps stopped. As the boys listened the silence grew painful.

There was a mystery about it all which was enough to make any one feel uncomfortable, and it did not help matters any when Al suddenly grasped Sam's arm, and, pointing to the queer little diamond-paned window alongside the door, whispered:

"Sam, look there!"

"What is it?" breathed Sam.

"A face behind that window—a woman's face!"

"I see nothing."

"No, it is gone, now; but it was there—a face pressed against the glass, staring out at us. Oh, we are watched, all right, and don't you forget it. Sam, let's light out."

"Too late! They are opening the door," whispered Sam,

painfully reminded of his visit to the mysterious house in New York, which had been the beginning of his strange change of fortune.

At the same instant the door was thrown open and a figure stood before them which caused both the boys to draw back in surprise.

It was a woman dressed in deep black, with a heavy veil fastened about her head and hanging down over her face so as to entirely conceal her features.

"Who did you wish to see?" she asked in a low whisper, standing like a statue before the boys.

It was too late to think of retreat now, and Sam replied boldly:

"I called to see Mr. Rush. Is he at home?"

"He is," replied the voice behind the veil. "What did you wish to see him about?"

"He wrote me a letter about the sale of this land. My name is Piper."

"I will tell him," replied the voice. "Be good enough to walk in. It's rather dark. Be careful how you go. Step right inside here."

It was indeed dark, for when the veiled woman closed the door behind them the boys could see absolutely nothing, nor was it much lighter in the room into which she showed them, for here only a solitary candle burned, showing Sam a lot of queer old-fashioned furniture, pictures and hangings, all of which looked like so many relics of Revolutionary days.

The veiled woman closed the door and left them to themselves.

"Great guns! I don't like this much, Sam," whispered Al. "What do you think?"

"I like it so little that I'm going to light right out now," breathed Sam. "I don't think there is the least doubt but we have walked deliberately into a trap. Come on, Al. She mustn't find us here when she returns."

Sam seized the knob and tried to open the door.

To his horror he found it fast. It had evidently been locked on the outside.

"Prisoners!" he gasped, "but there are still the windows. I'm going out if I have to break out. Heavens! What is that?"

Suddenly a piercing scream rang out in the room above.

"Help! Murder! Don't kill me!" a woman's voice called out, and then all was still.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A QUIET TALK WITH ALONZO.

"Great Scott, Sam! What was that?" breathed Al, catching hold of his friend's arm. "Is some one being murdered upstairs?"

"Sounds like it."

"We ought to do something—we must!"

"Of course we must, but how are we going to when we can't get out of this room?"

The sound of footsteps could now be heard upstairs.

As the boys ran about the room, trying to find a way out, nothing could be heard except the beating of the rain against the windows.

"Sam, this is terrible!" breathed Al. "The windows are all barred, and the doors are locked. We are in a trap."

"Take it easy, Al. I don't believe there is any murder being done upstairs at all. The whole thing is just a trap to catch us—to make us understand that we are prisoners."

"And are we to stay here until they get ready to kill us?"

"What are we to do? Maybe there is some secret way out of this place, same as there was out of that other room where they trapped me, but we don't know it—Hark! Some one is moving about behind those curtains!"

The curtains were heavy portieres, separating the room in which the boys were from the one beyond, where the door was also fastened and the windows barred.

Now they were suddenly parted and Alonzo walked into the room, saluting them with an obsequious bow and a wave of the hand.

"Ah, Arthur! I hope I see you well," he said. "Sir, your most obedient, whatever your name is. You see, Arthur, I believe in forgiveness. You handled me very roughly when



we last met, but I forgive you, my boy. I forgive you. Introduce me to your friend."

"You scoundrel!" cried Sam, looking him straight in the eyes. You blackguard! You thief! You swindler! What do you mean by this outrage?"

"Take it easy," replied Alonzo, showing no temper whatever. "Once I was your friend. Why not now? Why did you turn us all down, Arthur? Why did you make it necessary for us to use strong measures with you? Of course we wanted our share of the vast estate we threw into your hands. We have some of it, thanks to the bonds you were green enough to buy, but we want more, and we propose to have it, too."

"Wait till you get it," said Sam, roughly. "Who did you murder upstairs?"

Alonzo sat down in an easy chair, stretched out his long legs and leaned back with his hands behind his head.

"Oh, did you hear?" he said. "It was only Carrie in one of her tantrums. She got an idea that we were going to kill you, and she flew at me like a tigress. I had to give her a little choking. It's all right now."

"They take me for the Shadow," thought Sam. "There can be no doubt that this man actually believes I know all about their affairs. That being the case, then, what do they think has become of me?"

He was not to be kept long in ignorance, for Alonzo immediately resumed:

"Yes, Arthur, you have brought it all upon yourself, and you are running a fearful risk. That fellow, Sam Baker, may turn up at any time, and who can tell what the end of it will be if he does? True, he disappeared from the house that night and has never been seen nor heard of since, but he may still live to return. That mystery has preyed on Carrie's mind terribly. So has your treatment of her. You must admit it is rather rough to have you go back on her the way you did."

"I admit nothing," replied Sam. "Say your say. I want to get away as soon as possible. Cut it short."

"Cool! Upon my word, I never saw your equal; but then you always were a cool hand. Why, any one would think that you actually believed yourself to be Arthur Piper. Upon my word, it looks as though you thought those millions were really yours!"

"Enough!" cried Sam. "Come to the point."

There was a wicked gleam in Alonzo's eyes as Sam spoke.

"All right, my lord," he said. "The king has spoken. He must be obeyed. What is your royal pleasure?"

"Say what you have to say, and bring this disagreeable interview to an end!" exclaimed Sam.

"Here it is. We could not reach you any other way, so we tried this. I want to know what you propose to do. We all want to know. It is for you to speak out."

"In other words, not satisfied with having swindled me out of the bonds, you want to blackmail me. Is that it?" asked Sam.

"Why, Arthur! How can you? I wonder at you," replied Alonzo, deprecatingly. "Before a stranger, too. Let this young man leave us, if you expect any admission from me."

"He will not leave us. He is my friend. Whatever you have to say, speak out," replied Sam, emphatically.

As for Al, following Sam's whispered hint, he never said a word.

"Very well," said Alonzo. "All we want is for you to live up to your agreement, and that was that we should have half."

"Half my fortune! Really, you are very moderate in your demands. I refuse!"

Alonzo smiled sarcastically.

"You are not in a position to refuse. Can't you realize your danger? We have bought this property with your money, as you call it. We are all here."

The tone in which this was said made Al shudder.

There was something murderous about it. Alonzo's black eyes snapped viciously as he went on:

"You play it with a high hand, Arthur. You did from the first. When you came to your senses you actually tried to make me believe that you were that fellow, Sam Baker. Then you treated me like the servant I pretended to be. You discharged me, and when I called on you in that fine office you opened you actually assaulted me. So be it. I pass it all over. Do the right thing, and we will never bother you again."

"All right. So be it," sneered Sam, and with a quick sign to Al he sprang at the fellow's throat.

"Let us out of this!" he hissed, choking him. "Catch hold, Al. Help me throw him down. Get his revolver away from him. Now is our chance."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### PRISONERS.

"Stop, Arthur! Let go of that man, or you are both as good as dead!"

"We are lost!" gasped Al, as they turned to face four men, who stood at the portieres, covering them with cocked revolvers.

Sam let go his hold on Alonzo's throat and turned and faced them.

At the same instant there came a deafening peal of thunder which seemed to shake the whole house.

Alonzo, half unconscious from the choking he had undergone, fell face down on the floor.

"If you have killed him you'll regret it!" cried the leader of the group. "We'll kill you then, Arthur, that's what we'll do."

"Never!" cried Sam. "Kill me, and your chance of blackmailing me is gone forever. Oh, no. You will not kill me!"

"We have no such fears in regard to your friend. If you do not obey me in every particular he is as good as dead."

"Enough of this!" cried Sam. "What do you want?"

"You have already been told," was the reply. "Do you accept, or do you refuse?"

"I refuse!"

"So be it. You will be given time to think it over. This isn't the old shop, Arthur, but we have done what we could to make it just as good. Step back. Step back, both of you. Walk backward till I tell you to halt. Refuse, and this boy with you will be shot where he stands."

Evidently the man was in earnest. There seemed nothing to do but obey, and the two boys walked backward until the command was given to halt.

As they came to a halt the floor dropped away beneath their feet.

"The same old trap, Arthur!" cried the man as they went down.

Instantly the trapdoor shot back into place and the light vanished.

The boys were uninjured as the drop was not very great, and their fall was broken by a heap of dead leaves.

"We are up against it now, Al," groaned Sam, scrambling to his feet. Are you hurt, old man?"

"Not a bit. I came down as easy as could be. How about you?" was Al's reply.

"I'm all right, but where are we? What is going to be the next move, I wonder?"

"The next move will be death if you refuse to yield!" cried a voice in the darkness.

"Good heavens! They are right here with us!" gasped Al, clutching Sam's arm.

"No, they are not," replied Sam. "It is only some kind of a speaking tube. That voice came from above."

"How well you know, Arthur," said the voice. "The same old gang—the same old methods. Listen to this: To-day it's half the Piper estate that will satisfy us. To-morrow it will be three-quarters. Next day it will be all, or we shall have your life. The day after that we shall kill you anyhow, and your friend dies with you. Think it over. Remember we hear every word you say."

"That's Alonzo," said Sam, as the voice ceased. "I'm glad after all that I didn't kill him. Wretch though he is, I don't want any such thing as that on my conscience. But, oh, Al! this is a terrible predicament I have got you into. Perhaps I had better yield and bring this thing to an end."

"Not on my account, if that's what you mean," replied Al, emphatically. Give it to me straight, Sam. Would you even think of it if I wasn't here?"

"Never!"

"Then let us fight it out. Talk in whispers, as we are doing now, and I don't believe they can hear us. Say, Sam, don't think that I doubt you, but—but—"

"Well?"

"They seem to know you so well. They seem so sure. You never knew these men before, Sam?"



"No, I never did, Al," replied Sam, quietly. "I've told you the truth."

"Now you are angry."

"No, only hurt to think that you could doubt me. My life has been an open book to you always."

"I was wrong. Pardon me, Sam."

"They take me for my shadow. One thing is certain, that boy has held no communication with them since the night I shot myself. But enough of this. I'm going to try to get out of this trap." Sam struck a match and looked around.

The light showed them four stone walls and a heavy wooden door.

They were prisoners in a small enclosure, and Sam sprang for the door, striking another match as he caught hold of the latch and tried it.

The door was as firm as a rock. Even when Sam threw his whole weight against it there was not the slightest movement. He might just as well have tried to force his way through the stone wall itself.

"It can't be done," breathed Al.

"We are stuck here, all right," replied Sam. "Hello, up there! Hello!"

"What would you do?" gasped Al. "You are not going to give up?"

"Yes, I am," replied Sam. "I'll sign away half my fortune. You don't believe in me, but I'll show you what sort of stuff I am made of. Rather than risk your life, Al Thomas, I'll let all go. Hello! Why don't you answer? I'm ready to do whatever you say."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FACE TO FACE WITH THE SHADOW.

There was no answer.

"Stop!" cried Al. "Don't do it, Sam! Don't mind what I said. Do you suppose I would ever permit you to make such a sacrifice? You say I don't know you; well, you don't know me. There mustn't be anything between us. Now listen to me. I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"I tried that door. I think I know what holds it, and it is not the latch."

"What, then?"

"A bar across it, either of gold or iron."

"I shouldn't wonder. But what good does it do us to know?"

"Feel this, Sam."

Al drew a knife out of his pocket and put it into Sam's hand.

"A regular toadsticker! What do you propose to do?" asked Sam.

"To work with it on that door. I can cut a hole through and move away the bar. Anyhow, here goes for a try. Show us a light, Sam."

This was the beginning of work, and Al attacked the door so earnestly that in a short time he had cut a hole through the board.

A faint light shone through the opening, but though Al put his eye to it he could see nothing beyond.

"It has got to be larger," he declared. "How many matches have you left, Sam?"

"Oh, a dozen, at least."

"Light another, till I get my bearings, then I can work in the dark."

Al kept steadily at it until he was able to get his hand through.

"I can feel the bar. It's iron," he whispered. "Here goes!"

There was a rattle, and something heavy fell outside.

"By Jove! You have done it!" whispered Sam.

"Of course I have, and there goes the door," said Al, triumphantly, throwing it back.

The boys now found themselves in a large, open cellar, which seemed to extend under the entire house.

Away over in the further corner, near the wall, a lantern hung suspended from a beam at the foot of a narrow flight of steps.

Sam soon had possession of it, and after listening intently for a few moments, and hearing no sound, he started up the steps, closely followed by Al.

There was a door at the head of the stairs, and it was unfastened. Sam opened it cautiously and peered through.

"What do you see?" asked Al, behind him.

"It's just a hallway. It's cut off at both ends, too; but there's a door at the side."

"I suppose, then, that's our way."

"We shall have to try it. Let's listen. Here, take the lantern and keep it out of sight. You had better go down one or two steps. I would rather be in the dark than take chances on any one seeing the light."

Al drew back, and Sam crept on toward the door.

He had scarcely gone ten steps when he heard a faint cry behind him and the sound of a door shutting.

"Al!" he whispered. "Oh, Al!"

There was no answer.

Greatly disturbed, Sam felt his way back along the wall until he came to the door.

It was as he had feared.

The door was not only shut, but he could not open it.

When he tried to do so a mocking laugh was heard behind it, and a voice called out:

"Go on, Arthur! Go on! We are all wide awake, and you don't see your friend again until you yield to our very reasonable request."

"Open the door!" cried Sam, shaking the knob and kicking against the panels.

A mocking laugh was the only answer.

Sam called again, but there was no reply.

"I've done it now," he thought. "What a fool I was. I shall have to give it up to save Al!"

Probably he would have done it if Alonzo had appeared then and there; but as he could get no answer, he groped his way on to the door at the side of the passage.

This opened readily enough, and Sam found himself all at once in a blaze of light shed by a big lamp suspended from the ceiling.

He was in a regular workshop, and one glance was quite enough to show him that it was a counterfeiter's den.

A bench ran along one side of the room, with three chairs in front of it. On the bench were engraver's tools, metal plates partially engraved, and various other things belonging to the craft.

Suspended from lines stretched across the room were great sheets of bills and bonds. There were three large engraver's presses, and a furnace over in one corner, near which, on a board, a great heap of what appeared to be silver dollars lay strewn.

And so they were. Sam examined them, and saw that they were silver coin.

When a trifle over fifty cents' worth of metal can be passed for a dollar it pays for counterfeiters to make their bogus coins out of the real stuff.

The room was unoccupied.

Sam seized a small lantern which stood on the bench, and was in the act of lighting it, with the intention of forcing his way back into the cellar at any cost, when a slight noise behind caused him to turn suddenly.

"Good heavens! How came you here?" he gasped, for there stood the young man named Carlos, the new hand on the Rosalind.

Instead of immediately answering, Carlos put up his hand and snatched from his head a blond wig, at the same time tearing the beard from his face.

"I am always with you, Sam," he said in a whisper. "Do you know me now?"

"My shadow!" gasped Sam, and a thrill of hope shot through him.

"Save Al!" he breathed. "Save my friend! Never mind me!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SIGN OR DIE!

"The time has not yet come," whispered the shadow. "To save Al you must seem to yield to these people, but beware! Sign no paper. As soon as you do they will try to kill you. Remember that when the moment of danger comes I shall be on hand."

Thus saying, Sam's shadow backed out of the door and vanished, leaving Sam staring at the place where he had stood, filled with a thousand fears.



But Sam hesitated only for a moment.

Then he sprang out into the hall, carrying the lantern with him.

His intention was to try to force his way back into the cellar, but it was too late. The cellar door was already open, and there was Alonzo and the man who had threatened him with the revolver.

Sam stepped back into the workshop and leaned against the bench, the other following him in and closing the door.

"Don't try any of your tricks now, Arthur," said Alonzo. "Do you give up?"

"I give up," said Sam. "Only spare my friend."

A flash of triumph passed over the faces of both men.

"Good!" cried Alonzo. "This is as it should be. Well, well, the scheme worked when we least expected it. I looked for trouble in getting you here. In fact, I never expected an answer to my letter, and here you came walking deliberately into the trap."

"Then you wrote the letter?" asked Sam.

"Of course. Had you no suspicions?"

"None."

"Strange. You used to be sharper. In fact, you used to be altogether a different sort of person. I suppose the wound has changed you. Never saw anything like it; but it will come all right in time. Why did you go back on your old friends? Why don't you stay with us? It is not too late yet. With your capital to back us, we can start a bank and operate away up in the millions, and abandon this petty business forever. By the way, what do you think of our shop, Arthur? Beats the old one, doesn't it? My plan is to fix this place up fine and play the gentleman. Stand in with us, Arthur, and—"

"No," said Sam. "I can't do that, and I won't, but I yield to your demands. Tell me what to do, and I will do it, and we will close this business up right now."

"Well, have it your own way. But won't you see Carrie? She is just wild about you. Has never ceased to talk of you, and—"

"I want to see nobody," broke in Sam. "I want to leave this house and never return to it. Tell me what you wish me to do."

"Very well," said Alonzo. "What you must do is to make over half your wealth. That done, you can go where you please."

"And take my friend with me?"

"No. Not until we get everything fixed."

"But it will take a lawyer to do that. Meet me at my office to-morrow—"

"Not much. You can fix us up now. We will settle the details later. I have drawn up a paper which will secure us. Sign this, Arthur; then you can go."

"Let me see the paper," said Sam, feeling that all he could do was to fight for time.

Alonzo took from his pocket a legal-looking document and handed it over to Sam, who opened it and read as follows:

I hereby acknowledge that I am not the true heir to the Piper estate. That it was all a plot to deceive the late Thomas Piper; that working upon the strange resemblance which I bear to the true heir, the boy known as Sam Baker, and upon the information contained in certain papers which came into my hands through Edward McCandliss, relating to the history of said Sam Baker, I entered into the plot to defraud him of his rights and to deceive the late Thomas Piper, all knowingly and with malice aforethought. I admit my criminal action in this matter. I am Arthur Brundage, and not Arthur Piper. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the boy Sam Baker is the true heir, and the child stolen by the negro woman Ulla from the Piper plantation in Louisiana eighteen years ago.

What words can express Sam's feelings as he read these strange words?

After all, there was no mistake. He was the true heir. The Piper millions were actually his!

"If I sign this, what then?" he asked. "What do you hope to gain by it? You will have to make it plainer if you want me to put my signature to this."

"It seems to me that it is plain enough now," said Alonzo. "If you sign that paper we have you in our power. Then you will have to transfer your real estate and your bonds to us. Then you will never dare to expose us. Once you have done the right thing we will destroy the paper and never trouble you again."

"And you will stop at half?"

"Certainly."

"I don't trust you. Take back the paper, I—I—"

"What! You refuse to sign?" cried Alonzo, fiercely. "Very well. Then your friend dies. Ten minutes will be given you to consider, Arthur. If at the end of ten minutes you are ready to sign, touch that electric bell there over the bench, where you see the button. There is the clock, to tell you how the time goes. Let the hand pass the ten-minute mark, and it will be too late to save your friend. His body may be found floating in the Hudson, but he will never again be seen alive!"

Having made this threat in the most emphatic terms, Alonzo and the man Marvin hastily withdrew, locking the door behind them, and Sam was left to his own reflections in the counterfeiter's den.

## CHAPTER XX.

### "YOU ARE MY BROTHER."

Sam did not know what to do.

He could see plainly enough that if he signed the paper he was forever lost.

With such a power over him he would be completely at the mercy of this gang, for it would be necessary to sign the name of Arthur Brundage, and who would ever believe that he was Sam Baker after that?

It was perfectly clear that it would be death and destruction to him to sign the paper, but on the other hand it would mean death to Al if he did not.

Sam paced the floor in agony. The moments were slipping by. He knew not what to do.

"I must sign to save Al," he thought at last. "I'll have to fight it out afterward." He advanced toward the electric bell, and was just about to press the button, when a hand suddenly projected from under the bench and grasped his ankle.

"Hist! Not a word!" a voice whispered. "Get down here and crawl after me!"

It was the shadow.

Looking down, Sam saw his face peering up at him from under the bench.

It was no time for hesitation. Sam dropped on his knees, and saw the shadow crawling through a small open panel under the bench.

"Come," he whispered, looking back, and Sam followed him.

In a moment he was in darkness, and the panel closed behind him.

"Remain where you are until I strike a light," whispered his guide. "Your troubles are nearing an end, Sam. If you will only obey me. Listen now while I talk, and remember that we have only five minutes to work in, and that every one of them is precious. First of all, you are to change clothes with me. Be getting ready. You can't sign that paper, but I can, and will, and while I am signing it, and jollying your enemies, you and Al are to make your escape."

"But how?" asked Sam, doubtfully. "How can it be done?"

"Trust me, Sam, and you will come out all right."

A match snapped. Sam's double had lighted a small lamp, and Sam found himself standing in a sort of closet, hung around with costumes of every description, both male and female. It looked like a second-hand clothes dealer's shop.

There, facing him, stood the mysterious other boy, who was rapidly undressing.

"I do trust you," said Sam. "I believe you are my friend, and I will do whatever you say."

"Undress, then, and listen. Don't talk. You are in the power of one of the most skilful gangs of counterfeiters and swindlers that this country ever knew. That man whom you know as Alonzo is the leader. He is an ex-army officer. His real name is Colonel Flemming. The police have been trying to trap him for years. He is well known in society and in business. He is a member of a respectable firm of brokers on Wall Street. When you were Mr. McCandliss' clerk you did business with him many times. Now you see him in disguise."

"I know him," said Sam. "I know Colonel Flemming well."



"I spoke to him on the street only day before yesterday. It cannot be!"

"It is—believe me, it is. Not let me proceed. You are actually the heir to the Piper millions; the old negro woman, Ulla, who was hired by these people as a servant some years ago, stole you when you were a little boy, out of revenge. She brought you North with your twin brother, who was believed to have been drowned in the Mississippi some weeks before you disappeared. Upon her arrival here she gave your brother to a stranger to get rid of him. You she kept for a few weeks, and then gave to a woman named——"

"Mrs. Riordan, in Cherry Street!" broke in Sam. "Old Mother Riordan! The first person I remember I——"

"Wait! Time is passing. Put on my clothes, quick, and give me yours. Yes, that is the woman. Later, Ulla went to live with Mr. McCandliss. When very sick, and believing herself dying, she made a confession of her crime, which was written out by Mr. McCandliss, and preserved by him.

"He took but little interest in the matter, for at that time he was not acquainted with Mr. Piper, your grandfather. Later he forgot all about it—you know he was always half drunk."

"Yes, that's true, and his memory was none of the best," said Sam.

"Exactly. It is doubtful if he would ever have recollected the papers if he had not got into trouble with a man named Rollins and lost all his fortune—that is, what little there was left."

"I remember the case well."

"Let me finish. About that time he began to deal in forged securities through Colonel Flemming, and when he saw Ulla, the whole matter came out. We had been working on the case before, for Ulla had told us about it, but McCandliss had the papers which proved your identity, and they were necessary to us. Well, we got them. You brought them to us, and the plan was to kill you and put me forward as the heir; but on that night I vanished. You were dressed in my clothes, and they believed that you were me, and they believe it yet. I could not see you wronged. Ever since the day I saved you from Flemming's gang, when they followed you from the bank and sandbagged you, I had felt an intense interest in you. I got the money that day, but they never guessed that I gave it up. They thought I was captured by a detective and gave it up to him; but I took it into the office, as you know. Now, Sam, have I, or have I not been your friend?"

"More than a friend!" cried Sam, seizing his hand and pressing it warmly. "Arthur, who are you? Are you my brother?"

"I believe I am, but still I cannot prove it," replied Arthur, sadly. "Ulla does not even know the name of the man to whom she gave me, and as for myself, I cannot tell who I am, except that I was picked up in the streets of New York by a policeman and taken to the foundling asylum. I'm a mystery, Sam, and a mystery I am likely to remain."

"You are my brother! I know it—I feel it!" cried Sam. "Save me, Arthur, and I will recognize you as such before all the world!"

"I believe it myself," he said. "I have thought from the first that we were brothers, and it may prove to be so yet. But no more of this now. Time is up, and we have not a moment to lose. I shall go in and sign the paper. You will take this lamp, open this door here, follow along the passage until you come to the third door, on which you will knock twice. There your shrewdness will be tried to the utmost, for you will be admitted by the young woman you know as Miss Delisle. She is Colonel Flemming's daughter, and as wicked as he is himself; but she loves me, and wants me to marry her. You are me now, Sam. Play your part well. I have just left her. She has promised to free Al and to go away with me. She will lead you and Al out of the house. Once you are free, get away from here at any cost. She should be arrested, but I want you to spare her. Run for your lives, get aboard the yacht and go home, and trust me to tell you the next move to make to bring this strange case to an end."

"But you, Arthur? They will kill you!" exclaimed Sam, excitedly.

"I am not afraid of them, Sam. Now go, and if all goes well, the next time you meet your shadow it will be out of the power of Colonel Flemming and his gang to do you harm."

Sam then seized the lantern, and opening the door stepped out into the passage, while Arthur, dropping on his knees, crept through the secret panel, and Sam immediately heard the electric bell ring.

Full of fear for Al, Sam hurried along the passage until he had reached the door indicated, upon which he gave two raps.

He was prepared to play his part, but he was hardly prepared for what followed, for the door was instantly thrown open by Miss Delisle herself.

That she was the woman in black who had admitted them to the house, Sam saw by her clothes, although she no longer wore a veil.

"Oh, Arthur! You have come at last!" she whispered, and to Sam's surprise she threw herself into his arms, and he was forced to do the love-making act then and there.

"There, there, Carrie! We must be on the move," he whispered, using the name Arthur had given him at parting, and disengaging himself from the embraces of the girl. "You promised to help me save my friend. Where is he? Let us get him and get out at once."

"I shall keep my word," replied Carrie. "I've had enough of all this, Arthur. Like you, I long to be free. As your wife, father will not dare interfere with me. He would not, anyway. He is more than willing that we should be married, but at the same time you know what he is, and what a terrible rage he will be in when he finds that I have interfered with his plans. He choked me half to death this evening because I insisted that you should not be harmed. He'll kill me next. My life is not safe here."

"He will never kill you while I am around," said Sam. "Come, Carrie, be quick now. There is not a moment to be lost."

"And have I lost any time?" replied Carrie, suddenly throwing open an inner door. "Here he is. I brought him up out of the vault in the cellar. Here's your friend, Arthur. Now we will go."

It was Al, but oh! how changed!

He stared at Sam stupidly, and made no sign of recognition. It was evident that he did not know him at all.

Sam flew to his side and spoke to him, but he did not answer, simply staring through his half-closed eyes, with his hands hanging down limply at his sides.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### ULLA'S REVENGE.

Arthur was deeply moved. Tears were in his eyes as he threw his arms about Sam and embraced him affectionately.



"It's Ulla's work," breathed Carrie. "He has had his dose. It will soon pass off, Arthur, as you know."

While speaking, Carrie was putting on her outside wrap, and she now adjusted her hat and turned to Sam.

"Ready," she whispered. "Follow me."

"Come, Al," said Sam. "Come, we must go."

Al walked beside him as obediently as a child.

Carrie led the way further along the hall and descended a flight of stairs.

As near as Sam could make out, they were now in the rear of the house, and he felt sure that they could not be far from the counterfeiter's den.

"Be as quiet as possible," whispered Carrie. "In a few seconds we shall pass into the yard behind the house. Once we are clear of that all will be easy, Arthur. We shall have plenty of time to get away to your yacht before father discovers our escape."

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!" shrieked a voice ahead of them in the passage and old Ulla sprang out through a door, blocking the way with her crooked form.

"Here they go! Here they go, master!" she cried. "Here is the boy. Shall I kill him? I hate him, as I did his father before him. Yes, I will. This is my revenge!"

Suddenly the old woman raised her hands, and in them Sam saw the fatal jar.

"Here I go!" she cried. "No mistake dis time! Dis does de business!" And she threw the contents of the jar toward Carrie, Al and Sam.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ESCAPE.

Quick as the old negress had been in her movements, Sam was still quicker, and it was well that he was, otherwise they would all have been badly burned, if not disfigured for life.

He realized what was coming, and violently pushed back Carrie and Al so that not a drop of the liquid touched them, but he got some of it on his trousers and shoes, and the result showed what a narrow escape they had had.

Evidently the liquid was a powerful acid.

It boiled and sputtered on the floor, and it burned Sam's trousers so that afterward a great piece dropped out of them; and it ate into the leather of his shoes so that later on they fell apart.

But Sam paid no attention to it then.

Quick as lightning he sprang upon old Ulla and caught her by the throat just as she was trying to dodge back through the door.

"You old fiend!" he cried. "I've got you now! You black wretch! Out with you! How dare you do such a dastardly thing?"

He pushed her out of the door and into the yard.

Carrie drew Al after her and closed the door, while Ulla, breaking away from Sam, ran down through the deserted garden, shrieking like a madwoman; but as she called out in Creole French, Sam could not understand a word she said.

Carrie did, though.

"We are lost!" gasped the girl. "Father will be after us in an instant. Ulla will set the dogs on us! Oh, Arthur! They will kill you now!"

"Not yet!" cried Sam, pulling Al along. "Run! Run ahead! Show me the way out of this!"

There was not an instant to be lost. Already a racket could be heard inside the house, and as they ran through the shrubbery the door of the house was thrown violently open and out rushed half a dozen men.

At the same instant the deep baying of dogs was heard further down the garden, just as Sam and his two companions had reached a small door set in the high stone wall surrounding the garden.

"Too late!" gasped Carrie, trying the door. "It is fastened. I cannot open it, as I have left the key in my room. Oh, Arthur, they will kill you! Climb over the wall and save yourself! Don't think of me, but save yourself, before it is too late!"

"I couldn't think of leaving you to the mercy of your father," said Sam, moved by the affection displayed by the unfortunate girl. Don't lose hope. Perhaps I can force the door. Anyway, it won't do any harm to try it. Anything is better than to remain here in the power of those scoundrels."

"Try! Try!" cried Carrie. "You think you know my father, but you don't. In his rage he would kill you, and he would kill me, too! Ah! There it comes!"

"Stop! Stop, Arthur—if you are Arthur! Stop, or you are as good as dead!" shouted the voice of Alonzo behind them.

Revolvers cracked, shots flew, the dogs came bounding through the shrubbery, baying ominously. It was an exciting moment when Sam threw his whole weight against the door.

The door was old and rotted by the elements, and gave way with a crash, and the way was clear.

But it was clear for their enemies as well as for themselves. Sick with the horror of the situation, Sam clutched the arms of his half-conscious friend, and calling to Carrie to follow, plunged into the woods which surrounded the house on all sides except toward the road.

"We can never make our escape!" gasped Carrie. "Give it up, Arthur. Leave it to me to do the best I can. Hark! Father is calling the dogs back. I thought he would not dare to attract the attention of the neighbors."

"Perhaps it is on your account," said Sam. "Would he let them tear you to pieces. I can't believe he could be so inhuman. Run! Run! We may be able to save ourselves now!"

The sounds of pursuit had ceased, and their enemies appeared to have given up hope of catching them.

Carrie was quite right in her surmise.

Colonel Flemming was wretch enough to let the dogs hunt his daughter down, now that he was enraged against her, but he was not fool enough to draw the attention of the whole neighborhood to the old Wetmore mansion, a proceeding which would have been fatal to himself and his nefarious plans.

Already too much attention had been attracted, and the wily counterfeiter feared the consequences.

So he called off the dogs, retreated inside the gate, and made no further attempt to overtake them, leaving Sam and his companions to run through the woods to the road and down the road to Blake's Landing.

The two boys and Carrie were all out of breath when they reached the place where the boat had been left, but the exercise had partly aroused Al, and he began to mutter to himself:

"What's the matter? What's the matter? What are we running away for? Say, I don't like this."

As for Carrie, she was so far gone that all she could do was to cling to Sam's arm for support and beg him to abandon her.



"Leave me! Leave me, Arthur!" she panted. "We can never escape. Father will follow us. Let us go back! Perhaps he will be satisfied then."

"Be quiet! Keep cool!" said Sam, soothingly. "Never escape! Why, we have escaped! There's my yacht lying off there, and here is the boat. In ten minutes I'll have you safe from all pursuit. Don't you worry one bit. If you are really willing to go away with me, and quit the life you have been leading forever, it will take more than your father to get you away from me now."

Carrie caught his arm and let her head drop upon his shoulder.

"Arthur, I'd go to the end of the world with you," she said. "I love you—I have always loved you since the first day you ever came among us. I know how you hated the life we led, and you know how I hated it. Give me a chance to show how true I can be to you. Help me to begin life over again!"

"I will," replied Sam, earnestly. "They shall not separate us, Carrie."

And Sam meant what he said.

"Why should I ever tell her who I am?" he asked himself as he rowed out to the yacht. "But who can tell what there is ahead of us, with my brother in the hands of those fiends? I'll save him if I die for it. All I want is to put these two helpless ones on board the *Rosalind*, and then I'll go back again and rescue my shadow, or perish in the attempt."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### TRYING TO SAVE HIS SHADOW.

Sam was in some respects a queer fellow, and one of his strangest peculiarities was a habit of depending entirely upon himself.

Here were half a dozen men at his command. He could easily have raided the house with them, if he had chosen to give the word, and that nine out of ten would have done so, had they been in his place, goes without saying, but Sam did nothing of the sort.

As soon as he had Al safely in his bunk in the cabin, and had ordered refreshments served to Carrie, and tried to make her feel at home, he closed the cabin door and startled her by announcing that he was going back to the house of the counterfeiters alone.

"Arthur! Are you mad? What would you do?" exclaimed the girl, turning pale.

"Listen to me. You don't understand," replied Sam. "I have business there which must be attended to. You remember Sam Baker, I suppose?"

"As though I could ever forget him, Arthur! We have wronged that young man. He is the true heir to the Piper millions. If he still lives, you ought to give them up. Remember all that we have said to each other. You want to lead an honest life—so do I. Are you man enough to give up all this vast wealth to the boy we have both wronged, if he still lives?"

"I am. That's why I'm going back," replied Sam. "Although you did not know it, that boy is in the house, in your father's power. I must save him, and I must do it quietly, so that no one in the world can ever know what has happened this night."

Carrie covered her face with her hands and groaned.

"If Sam Baker is in that house to-night he is as good as dead," she exclaimed. "What in the world can you do to help him?"

"I don't know yet, but I am going to do my best."

"You will only lose your own life without being able to help him!" cried Carrie.

"All the same, I am going to try," replied Sam, opening a locker and taking out a revolver. "I'm going now, Carrie, and you wouldn't stop me. You would never respect me again if I held back."

"Let me go with you, Arthur."

"No. I am going alone," said Sam, moving toward the door. Good-by."

Carrie sprang up and with a choking cry threw her arms around his neck.

"Go!" she sobbed. "You are right, and I love you all the more for your courage. Spare my father, if you can, but do your duty. I will not hold you back. Go!"

Three minutes later Sam was once more in the tender, pulling vigorously for the shore.

It was not until he was well under way that he began to wonder what in the world he was going to do to free his shadow, and to feel that he had made a mistake in not taking Captain Beasley and some of the crew along with him.

"What can I do, sure enough?" he said to himself. "I should have taken help. Wouldn't it have been better—Hello! What boat is that?"

It was a large tug, which looked as though it might have come up from New York. Sam had noticed it when he started away from the *Rosalind*, and then it had been steaming up the river inside of where his yacht lay; but now it turned suddenly and stood in toward the shore, heading for the little pier at which Sam meant to land.

"What the deuce! How am I to keep from running into those people?" muttered Sam. "At all events, I don't want to ring strangers into this thing."

So Sam changed his course, and pulled around to the other side of the pier. The tug, meanwhile, shot into a wooded cove just beyond the pier, on the side Sam had left, and disappeared.

"Pshaw! I needn't have dodged them, after all," thought Sam, as he tied the boat to one of the piles and leaped ashore.

It was now almost midnight, and the rain had ceased. Dark clouds were scudding across the sky, but here and there a star shone, showing that the storm was passing away.

Sam had now recovered his courage and determination, and resolved to go ahead at any cost.

"I could never rest if I didn't do it," he thought. "I could never forgive myself. Whoever that boy is, whether he is my brother or a stranger, he has played the part of a brother to me for the best part of two years, and I will save him if it costs me my life."

Sam had now reached the road up the hill, and was just about to turn into it when a tall, heavily bearded man suddenly slipped out of the bushes and blocked his further progress.

"Hello," he said in a whisper. "You are right on hand, I see. We are all here."

"Wha—what did you want? Who do you take me for?" stammered Sam, considerably startled.

"Who do I take you for? Confound it, who should I take you for but Bob Travers of our office," returned the man, peering into Sam's face.

Now we do not discredit Sam's courage a bit when we tell what he did.

To be interfered with might be fatal to his shadow, so Sam simply took to his heels and ran away, sprinting up the hill for all he was worth.



For a minute the stranger stood dumfounded at Sam's hasty departure.

"Have I made a mistake?" he muttered.

"It can't be. That surely was Bob Travers, and yet why should he act like that?"

There was no one there to answer him, and still looking deeply puzzled the man turned on his heel and plunged into the bushes, leaving Sam to make his way to the old Wetmore mansion, where he arrived all out of breath.

"Who could that fellow have been? Did he take me for Arthur?" thought Sam. "Can there be a third boy in the world who looks like us to make a mistake like that possible? I don't understand it at all."

He looked up at the house, and saw that every window was dark; but then it had been that way when he first came.

Opening the gate, Sam stole up the gravel walk with the intention of trying if there was not some window on the ground floor unfastened, through which he could crawl, when to his surprise he perceived that the door stood partially open.

"What in the world does that mean?" he muttered. "Have they seen me? Is this another of Colonel Flemming's schemes to entrap me?"

He listened, but could hear no sound.

Before leaving the yacht Sam had provided himself with a small lantern, and this he now lighted.

"Whatever happens, I am going in anyhow," he muttered, and drawing his revolver, to be ready for emergencies, he boldly walked through the door.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CONCLUSION.

When Sam so boldly entered the house he expected nothing else than to be instantly pounced upon and overpowered by some of the gang.

That was where the courage of his bold move came in.

He was fully prepared for the worst, and if any one had tackled him then some of the cartridges in his revolver would surely have exploded, wherever the bullets might have gone.

Nothing happened, however. Sam "ran up against" something entirely different, so to speak.

In fact, it was an empty house that Sam had entered.

Cautiously at first, and then more boldly, he went from room to room, finding nothing but the antique furniture, which doubtless belonged to the old mansion and had been sold with it.

All traces of the gang had vanished, and when at last Sam found his way, by many a winding passage, into the counterfeiters' den, he found, to his added amazement, that all traces of what he had seen there before had disappeared, except only the furnace and the bench. Presses, tools, everything, had been removed, and the litter of straw and old newspapers scattered about showed how hastily the work had been done.

Downstairs in the kitchen a fire smoldered, but there was no trace of old Ulla, except the broken jar in the passage and the deep stain of acid on the floor.

Filled with a thousand fears for the safety of his Shadow, Sam returned to the den and stood there, all uncertain what to do, when he was suddenly startled by hearing a slight sound beneath the bench.

He sprang back and flashed his lantern down upon the floor, when instantly a man leaped up covering him with a revolver.

It was Colonel Flemming himself. Not in disguise this time, but looking as Sam knew him on Wall street.

"Shoot, and you are as good as dead!" he hissed. "There are six behind you now!"

And so there were! How they managed to get into the room unknown to him, Sam could only guess, but while he hesitated they closed about him.

The revolver was wrenched away, his hands were seized and tied behind him and all as quick as a flash, while Colonel Flemming, who directed operations, stood looking at him with a malignant eye.

"At last we have you!" he growled, "but which you are I'm blamed if I know. You young scoundrel, where is my daughter? What in the fiend's name possessed you to come back here?"

"Where is my brother?" retorted Sam. "What have you done with him? What——"

"Shut your trap! I know you now. You are Sam Baker, fast enough," broke in Colonel Flemming. "Arthur is the one who has betrayed us. This is some of his fool work looking you up. Take him below, boys. There's only one thing to do with this fellow, and that is to kill him. We'll do it right now."

Here was a startling announcement. Sam's courage took the form of silence. He realized now that he had made a mistake in coming here alone, but it was too late now—there was nothing to be done, for the enemy had caught him unawares, and it was beyond his power to resist.

Sam learned more about the mysterious house in the moments that followed.

Back of the furnace a secret panel was opened in the chimney, and here, down a winding stairway, the unfortunate Sam was dragged by his captors.

Colonel Flemming went ahead with a lantern, and Sam soon found himself being hurried along a narrow passage boarded up on all sides. It descended rapidly, and the distance was so great that he saw that they must be approaching the river.

As they passed along Sam made other discoveries. The presses were here, great boxes were here, showing how hurriedly the removal had been made, and where all the stuff had been stored.

What had been the cause of it all? Sam could not fathom the mystery. Suddenly they came out into a small room, boarded up as the passage had been. Here a boat lay upon the floor, and there were more boxes, and old Ulla sat upon one, holding two fierce-looking dogs in leash.

"There he is! There he is!" cried the old negress, in her shrill, piping tones. "Dat Arthur! Praise de Lor! Youse got him now!"

"Shut up, you old fool!" cried Colonel Flemming. "If it hadn't been for the row you kicked up Arthur would not have escaped. This is the other boy. This is the true heir. I believe that the hint dropped by Arthur was true, and the detectives are on our track, so we are going to kill this boy and throw his body into the river before we make our escape."

"Do it! Do it!" cried Ulla. "I hate him! I hate all de Pipers! Ah! I would kill him myself, if——"

"Hark! What noise was that?" broke in Colonel Flemming, striding toward a low, rough board doorway at the end of the room.

He threw it open, and Sam saw that it overlooked the Hudson River.



"There's no one here," muttered the counterfeiter, "and yet I thought—"

No one there! What was the man thinking of?

Outside the door stood twenty men, and at the head of them was Sam's shadow.

"Surrender, Flemming!" he shouted, as he dashed in among them. "Your race is run!"

A scene of the greatest confusion ensued. Some of the counterfeiters showed fight, and the underground chamber was the scene of a lively battle for a few minutes, while pistol shots and cries of enraged men filled the air. But the officers of the law soon gained the upper hand, there was a brief pursuit back along the secret passage after some of the gang, and all was over.

The Flemming gang of counterfeiters was in the clutches of the Pinkerton detectives, and Sam was saved—saved by his shadow once more.

With his own hands Arthur cut Sam's bonds and set him free, introducing him as his brother to the tall, bearded man Sam had met on the road.

"This is my chief," he said. "I haven't told you all, Sam. I have been a Pinkerton detective for the last six months. If you had heeded my warning, and rested quiet one day more, all this trouble would never have occurred."

It all ended there.

The prisoners and the counterfeiting outfit were taken back to New York on the tug, and Arthur went with them.

Sam, Al and Carrie returned to the city on the Rosalind, and next day the papers were full of the fine detective work of young Bob Travers, of Pinkerton's staff, and there was a long story about the clever capture of the bond-forging gang, who, it appeared, had taken up their quarters in the old Wetmore mansion, which years before had been occupied by another gang of counterfeiters, of which "Colonel Flemming," under another name, had been the chief.

"I knew all about the secrets of the place, because he took me up there and showed them to me some two years ago," Arthur explained to Sam some time later. "I had the raid all planned, and we should have captured them anyway, even if you had not come; but I can never forget that you went back there that night to try to rescue me. You did not know the great danger you were running—you could not have known how desperate a character Colonel Flemming was. By the way, Sam, I have news for you. The courts have decided that you get back the money he swindled you and Towns out of on the C. & N. W. bonds. As for the rest of his wealth, and there is considerable, Carrie gets the bulk of it."

"I'll take my own," replied Sam, "but Carrie shall not touch a cent. Let it go to charity. I shall see that she never comes to want."

"Good for you!" cried Arthur. "You're a brick! And Carrie is a good girl. It was very kind of you to put her in that hotel and make her so comfortable, but it is only a part of it all. I say again I shall never forget your bravery in going back to that house. Of course, you never dreamed that I had given them the slip."

"What else could I have done?" replied Sam, leaning back in his chair, for this conversation took place in his Wall Street office, some days after the events just recorded. "You are my brother, I am satisfied of it. I could do no less than risk my life for you."

"It cannot be proved," said Arthur. "The mystery of the other boy can never be solved," replied the shadow, with a sorrowful shake of his head.

"It is solved now, so far as I am concerned," replied Sam. "I recognize you as my brother, on one condition, and if

you accept I shall immediately deed half of the Piper property to you. No! no! Don't shake your head, Arthur it must be!"

"What is the condition, Sam?" asked Arthur, much moved.

"That you never breathe the truth to Carrie that you are the Arthur Brundage who once belonged to the counterfeiting gang."

"Sam!" exclaimed Arthur, a look of astonishment spreading over his face. "You don't mean—"

"Well, Arthur, you don't love her, and I do. I have loved her, I think, ever since I first saw her in the office of Mr. McCandliss, that day when she came for those papers which he had in the safe. She thinks that I am you, and she will never be the wiser unless you tell her."

"Well, Sam, this is a surprise. I am glad she has found some one to return her affection, for I could not. You may count on my silence in the matter, and may you be as happy as you deserve."

And so the matter was decided.

On the day of the conviction of Colonel Flemming and his confederates, which sent them to Sing Sing for long terms, Sam married Carrie, and became the happiest boy in New York. The wedding was a quiet one, with only half a dozen witnesses, as neither Sam nor Carrie wished to attract public notice in view of the events which had recently transpired, and in which they had taken such a prominent part.

Sam took his bride to the big house on the avenue, opposite the park, and Arthur came to live with them.

After that Sam was Arthur, and Arthur was Sam, and Al Thomas was the only one besides themselves who knew the truth.

The sign on the Wall Street office was changed to "Piper Bros.," and they are now among the heaviest stock operators in New York. Last year "Co." was added to the sign, Al Thomas being admitted as a member of the firm.

Old Ulla died in prison, without revealing her motives for the crime she committed in stealing the two children from the plantation in Louisiana, and never explained the mystery surrounding the life of Arthur Brundage, although Sam was as confident as one could be without positive proof that Arthur was his brother.

Sam is satisfied to let things be as they are. He is one of the richest men in New York, he has a beautiful and loving wife, and three pretty children have come to brighten the big house and make it a home indeed.

Arthur has never married, and the probabilities are that he will remain an old bachelor to the end of his days, in spite of the matchmaking propensities of Carrie, who would like to see him happily mated, with a home and children of his own.

Al Thomas is now a well-to-do stock broker, with a seat on the Stock Exchange, where he represents the firm of Piper Brothers & Co., and the three partners have made many successful plunges in the market under his guidance.

Al can hardly believe it possible that only a few short years ago he was a struggling broker's clerk, drawing the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week. It seems like a dream, and sometimes he can hardly realize that it is true.

Al is still a bachelor, but if rumors count for anything, he will not long remain so, for his name is coupled with that of a certain young society bud whose father has a magnificent mansion on Riverside Drive, and it would not be surprising if their engagement was announced in the near future.

And so we take leave of them, knowing their lines are cast in pleasant places.

Next week's issue will contain "THREE TREASURE WRECKS; OR, THE REMARKABLE CRUISE OF THE 'RED, WHITE AND BLUE.'" By Capt. Thomas H. Wilson.



## CURRENT NEWS

W. R. Applegarth, of the Polytechnic Harriers, at Cardiff, Wales, June 28th, made a world's record by running 150 yards in 14 2-5 seconds at the sports here. He also tied the British record, of 9 4-5 seconds, for the 100 yards. Applegarth ran third in the final of the 200 metres at the Olympic games. The 150-yards world's record of 14 4-5 seconds, made by C. G. Wood, of England, had stood since July 21, 1887.

The manufacturers of the Zeppelin dirigible airships say that it is practically assured that there will be two Zeppelin airships at the San Francisco Exposition. Engineers are to be sent to find a spot favorable for the location of a shed for the airships and to study atmospheric conditions there. American engineers who were guests of Berlin engineers were converted into enthusiastic Zeppelinians yesterday in the course of their trip on the airship Victoria Luise.

Encased within the thick walls of marble and stone built to last a century, a cat was heard crying for help in the newly-built south wing of the State Capitol, Wis. Just before the walls on the fourth floor were closed up by the marble setters the cat, which has had the freedom of the building, strayed into the opening and the workmen set the slabs in place. The workmen were ordered to remove a section of marble at a cost of \$300 to rescue the perishing animal.

Claiming that as the result of rats infesting a building at 27 West Superior Street, Duluth, Minn., two men have lost their lives through the conditions brought about, they dying of tuberculosis, that the people who occupied the rooms overhead were compelled to leave and that a restaurant in the rear end was put out of business because food could not be kept from the rodents, Sam Silverman, a cigar dealer in the same building, has requested Director of Public Health Webster to have the building razed.

Paris now has its Chinatown. The first settlers arrived a year ago, at the time of the last Chinese revolution. One day a large family of refugees from the Middle Kingdom presented themselves before the Police Commissioner of the Bastille quarter and requested by signs to be shown a lodging. They were asked their names, and where they came from. In reply they traced on paper hieroglyphics which nobody could understand. As they had good golden louis in their pockets the officials did not insist, and led them to two inexpensive lodging houses close by the Lyons Railway depot.

The prize snake story of the year is contributed by George Harrison, a farmer residing near Glenn's Run, Ohio, who tells of his encounter with blacksnakes on one of the warm days last week. He found thirty or more of varying lengths twined into a knot and lying in a sunny spot. Securing a shotgun, he fired twice into the bunch

and then set in with a club. Before the end of the affray Harrison killed twenty-seven snakes, the longest of which measured nearly six feet and the shortest of which was a little over two. Several escaped. In proof of his story Harrison exhibited eight big snake skins here and says he has the other nineteen nailed up to the side of his barn drying.

Vittorio Mariani, a ticket office clerk at the Tivoli railway station, in the suburbs of Rome, Italy, at a salary of \$5 a week, has just come in for a windfall of \$6,400,000. Forty years ago an uncle, Signor Allesandro Corrandoini, who was Italian Consul at Alexandria, was obliged to fly for his life during the anti-Christian persecution. He proceeded to Buenos Ayres, where, being of a frugal turn of mind and eschewing matrimony, he set his uncommon wits to the amassing of a fortune of 32,000,000 lire. He continued to live upon the interest till his death. When his will was opened it came out that he had all along intended to leave his estate to his nephew, who had been kept in utter ignorance of the huge good luck awaiting him.

A man named Nituel Vallesteri returned to France from Brazil some weeks ago and surrendered to the police, stating that he was sentenced to death sixteen years ago while a fugitive from justice for murdering a widow on account of jealousy. He added that he had been driven by remorse to return to France to pay his debt to society. Vallesteri's case was tried at the Carcassonne Assize. He explained that while at Rio de Janeiro, he met a Protestant clergyman who converted him. He added: "I have come to expiate my crime as an example. The Christian religion requires me to do so. I have finished my life, which has been a very miserable and criminal one, but what is a lifetime compared with eternity? I want to appear before God cleansed of all my sins." The jury were so impressed by the attitude of the repentant man that they acquitted him.

Dr. Pruce, the Minister of Agriculture to the Government of the Argentine Republic, sail recently from Brooklyn, on the Prince Line steamer Portuguese Prince with the largest variety of poultry that has ever left this country in one shipment. The vessel was specially chartered by the Argentine Republic to bring everything necessary for the establishment of an up-to-date experimental station at Buenos Ayres. There are over 100 poultry houses in the shipment of a special design adapted for that climate, and over 300 fowls, made up of fifty-one varieties, which include all the representative classes of standard poultry bred in America as well as the English Dorking, the Favorolle Leghorns and fancy breeds like the Polish and Hamburgs, as well as Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, etc., for general purpose fowls. This whole consignment was made by the Robert Essex Incubator Company of 67 Barclay street, New York city, and was the largest order of this class ever received for one shipment.



# THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

—OR—

## THE HERO OF THE 7th

By J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XII. (Continued)

Half an hour later Freda went away, and as the boys of the 7th realized that the seminary was empty, there were a good many long faces in camp; but as the rumors of the trouble on the frontier and the prospect of their being ordered to the front, were growing stronger and stronger, the excitement took their thoughts away from the fair charmers. All save Jack Navarro and Dick Burnett. They would never forget the two girls who had won their hearts. With them it was serious. With the others merely a light flirtation, forgotten as soon as it had commenced.

A strange, deep gloom seemed to hang over everything as Freda was rolled along the drive that led to her home in the luxurious carriage sent to meet her at the station, and Thomas, the colored coachman, who always welcomed his young mistress with a grin of delight, appeared to avoid her eyes. What could it all mean, she asked herself?

The housekeeper, who had been with the family ever since Freda was a baby, met her in the spacious hall, her eyes red from weeping. At sight of the young girl who came bounding up the marble steps, she burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

"Why, Mrs. Fish, what is the matter?" Freda asked, in amazement. "Is the dear old dad sick, or is grandmother failing? Everybody acts as if they were at their own funeral. Where is daddy? I want to pounce in on him and give him a bear hug that will half squeeze the life out of his body. I won't wait to take off my hat. Is he in the drawing-room? I'll surprise him," and with those words she darted in the direction of the long drawing-room, but the housekeeper caught her by one arm and held her back.

"Oh, Miss Freda, Miss Freda, my dear, dear child, don't you go in there," she sobbed. "Poor child, poor child, I can't tell, I can't!"

"What is it, Mrs. Fish?" Freda asked in a husky voice, a cold chill settling about her heart. "Tell me, I can bear it. I am strong and brave. Surely—surely," with fierce effort, "daddy is not——"

She would not ask the entire question, but stood looking at Mrs. Fish, such an expression of agony and pleading in her eyes as would never again be there. The housekeeper nodded her head.

"When—when did they die?" the girl asked in a harsh, dull voice, her face seeming to be carved out of marble.

"Last night," was all that kind-hearted Mrs. Fish could say, wishing she knew how to comfort the stricken girl. "Your dear father went first, and when your poor grandmother learned that he was dead the sudden shock killed her."

Last night! Last night she was in the orchard, the prettiest one of that gay group, and the dear old dad going even while her voice rang out upon the night air in joy and laughter.

Ah, what a mockery it was! How cruel it seemed!

"Let me see him, Mrs. Fish," she asked presently, still in that same hard voice.

"No, no, dearie, not just yet," the housekeeper replied, holding her closer to her. "You are not able to do so now. Wait until you have had a cup of tea, and then I will tell you all. Sad as it is, and hard as it is for me to tell you, I realize you must know. Didn't you read the papers this morning, dearie?"

"No, I was too busy getting ready to come home," was the husky answer. "Tell me, Mrs. Fish, for I can bear it better now than to wait until my nerves have relaxed. Don't keep me in suspense any longer."

"He—he shot himself," came brokenly from the housekeeper's lips. "Oh, my child, my child!"

Freda made no outcry. The only thing was, she ground her white teeth together, and her eyes burned like wells of fire.

"Give me the paper," she said, and taking the rustling sheet in her hands she read the cruel report through to the end; of how the rich, and popular Judge May whom everybody believed to be the soul of honor, had taken his own life, because his dishonesty and double dealing had been found out. He had robbed and cheated all his clients and gambled away all their money. Even his beautiful house was mortgaged and must be sold to satisfy his creditors, who were clamoring for their money.

The paper dropped from the girl's cold hands, and fell rustling to the floor. She raised her white face up toward the silver moon, that shone through the open door, and a low moan burst from her lips. Not because she was thrown penniless upon the world, not because she realized she must toil for her bread, did her heart ache so, but for the kind, loving father who lay dead behind those massive doors, she grieved.

"The dear old dad," she moaned, with a hoarse, dry sob. "Why did you do it? Oh, heavens! Why did you do it? If you had only sent for me, we could have faced it together. But now—now——"

She got no further, for throwing up her hands she fell fainting at the housekeeper's feet, her own face whiter than the dead one in the room beyond.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A NEW MESSENGER BOY.

We will skip over a space of two weeks, dating from that dreadful night when Freda returned to her home only to find her beloved father and grandmother dead. But those two never-to-be forgotten weeks were always to be remembered by the broken-hearted girl. While life was hers, she would never be able to forget them. She saw her father laid to rest, her aged grandmother beside him; she read all the unkind notices in the different papers regarding his suicide, and her heart died within her. But worst of all was the story reported saying that Judge May already had a wife and child when he married Freda's mother. The poor girl could not hold her head up after that, and when the funeral was over with, she quietly slipped away to New York, hoping she would not meet any one she knew. She did not wish to see her old chum, Winona Avery, dearly as she loved her.

(To be continued)



## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

The German Parliament read a second time the German Military Contribution bill whose purpose is to meet the cost of \$250,000,000 in connection with the increase of the German army. The measure has been greatly changed and now hits persons earning salaries, as it taxes incomes of \$1,250 and upward on a graduated scale of from one to eight per cent. About \$40,750,000 of the \$250,000,000 is to be derived from persons worth \$250,000 or more, and \$23,250,000 from those with incomes of more than \$25,000 per annum.

Michael Collins, driver of one of the fastest passenger trains leaving Milwaukee, Wis., has taken his first and last ride in an automobile on a crowded street. Never again," he solemnly swore, raising his right hand. "I have driven a locomotive ninety miles an hour, and have never had an accident, but a locomotive is safety itself compared to these buzz wagons." "Pioneer Mike," as he is known, took his trip with his son, who is an automobile salesman, at a time when there were many machines on the boulevard. He says a locomotive does not have to be guided, and says that the thirty-five-mile-an-hour rate he rode in the automobile is far more dangerous than a ninety-mile rate in a railroad train.

The eight-hour law in naval construction imposed by the act of Congress is hurting Uncle Sam in the getting of motor boats for the navy. Builders of such craft decline to place their establishments on an eight-hour basis, just to accommodate the Federal Government. So Uncle Sam has to build his own motor-boat craft and, of course, this means the boats will cost a good deal more. The bureau of construction and repairs has developed plans for a motor boat of a speed between ten and sixteen knots and will construct these boats at the Government yards, but purchase the engines from contractors. The builders hold that they do not get enough Government business to warrant them to place their plants on an eight-hour basis.

Word has reached here from Florence, Ore., a coast town, of the death of Luther King, known as Rattlesnake King, because of the peculiar scourge which has attacked him for the past eighteen years, due to a rattlesnake bite received in the mountains of Idaho in July, 1875. The wound healed in time and was forgotten until 1895, when a sore appeared on the bottom of the foot some distance from the old snake bite. This sore festered to the bone and King went into a state of coma, drinking little, eating virtually nothing and sleeping eighteen to twenty hours a day during the whole month of August. Just at the end of the month he revived and by the first of September was almost well. Every August since 1895 a new sore broke out with the recurrence of the old ones and the same state of coma returned.

A dramatic scene was caused in the Chamber of Deputies, France, the other day, by the sudden death of

Deputy Edouard Aynard, a Progressive Republican representing Lyons. While chatting with friends and making his way toward the platform, where he was to deliver an important speech, he fainted, and died shortly afterward without recovering consciousness. The doctors who were hurriedly called attributed his death to heart failure, due to overwork. He had set up most of last night preparing his speech. M. Aynard was born on January 1, 1837. He was a regent of the Bank of France, a member of the French Institute and a recognized authority on economic questions. He had been a Deputy since 1889 and was Deputy Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies for several years. The Chamber adjourned its sitting as a mark of respect.

It will be noticed on a foggy night that the beam of a searchlight seems abruptly to come to an end if the light be pointed upward. On the other hand, if the beam be directed horizontally it will gradually fade away into nothing. Why should the vertical beam behave in this curious way? The reason is not far to seek. Where the end of the beam seems to be at just that point does the fog end, for the beam cannot be visible to us unless there are small particles in its path. This circumstance is of great assistance to sailors in judging the state of the weather, since they can determine the thickness or depth of the fog. They can also tell, by throwing the beam horizontally, whether the fog is of great extent or whether it exists only in patches. If the fog extends a great distance, then the beam will become gradually more and more dim. If the fog exists only in patches, then the beam is lighter in patches; and if it proceeds through a place where there is no fog at all that part of the beam will be black or invisible.

Hama Yamada and Taro Hayashi, bride and bridegroom, recently married in Tokio and spending part of their honeymoon in New York, gave an exact reproduction of their wedding feast in the Japanese Gardens on the roof of the Hotel Astor the other night for the entertainment of their Japanese friends living in New York who were unable to be present at the original ceremony in Tokio. Among those present were Momoiu Kishi, Yumito Kushibiki, Miss Wakana Utagawa, Mr. and Mrs. Kiichi Mizutani, Takeo Morito, and Miss Yuis Tanigawa. The diners squatted on the floor, tempered with pillows, and consumed a native menu, consisting of "suimono," a fish soup; "yokan," a kind of pudding; "tai," or sea bass, and, of course, "saki," which is Japanese for strong drink. The men all wore kimonos of gorgeously embroidered, many-colored silk, and the women wore kimonos, too, with a sort of pillow contrivance fore and aft, technically known as "odi." After the Japanese viands the wedding party enjoyed a regular meal of American dishes, washed down with American drinks. One of the guests when asked afterward which of the two he liked best, said: "I think you have us beat a little bit, but I don't care to say so."



# On the Wheel for a Fortune

—OR—

## The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

But no foe appeared and they soon reached the cabin in safety.

The first thing Horace did was to fasten the door. It was made of heavy planks, with cross pieces spiked upon it. The iron hinges were unusually heavy, having been originally intended for a mine door. On the inside of the door frame there were two heavy iron loops, for the reception of a great oaken bar.

When Horace had put the bar in place he felt that he had interposed a formidable barrier to the entrance of any one, and he was sure the door could resist any assault for some time.

Then the young couple became more composed, and Horace turned down the light of the oil lamp and hung a buffalo robe across the one small window. He did not mean that a stealthy spy should look in upon them by creeping up to the little portal.

And he sought to guard against a cowardly shot which might be fired at him through the window. After that Horace looked at the weapons in the cabin.

And he found that the four repeating rifles, which Hester had previously taken from their hiding-place under the floor, were all loaded, and ready for immediate use.

These he placed upon a table, that he might have them within easy reach. Then he found loopholes in each side of the cabin.

The builder had evidently foreseen that he might be called upon to resist an attack there and withstand a siege.

When he had made all possible preparations for the defense of the cabin Horace became seated at Sylvia's side, and while they talked in low tones, and the boy sought to sustain the failing courage of his companion, they watched and waited, in doubt and suspense, for what the passing hours might have in store for them.

And so the time went by until the dawn of another day. Yet they had neither seen nor heard anything of the enemy, whose near presence they so strongly suspected.

Horace had not dared to hope that the night would pass without bringing an attack. He was agreeably surprised. When he removed the curtain from the window, and looked out, the valley seemed as peaceful and as beautiful as when he first arrived there.

He saw no evidence of the presence of any human creature within the confines of the mountain-locked valley.

He told Sylvia of this, and said:

"I cannot make out what this means. If Buckley was here it seems to me he would have assaulted the cabin before this. I will take my rifle with me and make a careful scout on my wheel around the valley. Secure the door with the bar when I am gone. I will soon return."

Sylvia did not like to be left alone. But she knew it

was essential that they should know something of the movements of the enemy if they were in the valley.

She did not seek to detain the lad.

Leaving the cabin, Horace proceeded cautiously upon his wheel, and he was ready to turn about and race for the cabin if danger threatened. He thought upon his safety he could easily elude the pursuit of any one on foot.

But what he most dreaded was a shot from some ambush. So he was particularly alert and watchful when he went near any cover which could afford concealment to an enemy.

He made a detour along the four walls of the valley, but neither saw nor heard any one. Then he became bolder, and before he returned to the cabin, as he did at last, he had convinced himself that there was no one in the valley.

Neither did he discover any trace of Hester, whose strange disappearance continued to perplex and trouble him.

He was sure that she had not departed voluntarily. He connected her disappearance with the strange man, whom he had seen pass the cabin window in the night.

Sylvia opened the door for him when he got back to the cabin.

And he reported the result of his scouting expedition awheel.

"This is very strange, and yet, since we know one of Buckley's men was looking down into the valley when you caught his picture in the camera, we yet have everything to fear," said the girl.

"Yes. But now I think we may venture out with little dread of immediate danger. I want to find out the secret of the tapping on the rocks," he replied.

They had breakfast, which Sylvia had prepared during Horace's absence; then they went forth and proceeded directly to the barricade.

Up the rocky steps to the lookout rock they clambered, and when they reached the summit they saw the limb of a stunted tree, which the strong wind of the preceding night had partially broken off, swaying by some tendrils and its tough bark.

Presently the wind came sweeping over the elevation and beat the branch against the side of a rock.

The strange tapping was then reproduced, and so they understood all about it.

"After all there was no one here last night. How simply this mystery is explained," said Horace.

"Yes, and I am glad that it is so," replied Sylvia.

They looked over the surrounding landscape in every direction, but they saw no trace of any one.

Through the long day the young couple spent most of the time upon the lookout rock.

But there was no alarm—no discovery. Night fell again. The darkness was complete, for there was no moon, and the sky was overcast.

Sylvia spoke frequently of Hester. The young girl grieved for her old nurse.

"Oh, if I only knew her fate! Some way it does not seem probable that Buckley's men abducted Hester, for what could their object be? There is a mystery about it all—a mystery which I cannot fathom," she said.

(To be continued)



## NEWS PARAGRAPHS

Mrs. L. G. Childs, well known as an enthusiastic Christian Science worker, lost a handbag containing \$150 in bills and a check for \$30 in the subway, New York, recently. It was found by Policeman William Gatewood, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, and identified by one of Mrs. Childs's cards. It was returned to her.

With the filing in San Francisco of an application for a permit to construct a cottage, building applications since the fire of 1906 reached a total of approximately \$400,000,000. This is in rough figures the amount of the city's loss of property in that disaster. To-day's application is numbered 50,000, the series dating from the first one issued after fire destroyed a large part of the city.

"That was the best lesson on temperance I ever learned in my life," declared James J. Corbett, former champion prizefighter, addressing the Whitestone, L. I., branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the other night. He said, while a young man in San Francisco, he was employed in a bank as a clerk, and had been the protege of the vice-president. "This man's only fault was drinking," said Corbett, "and a few years later, when I was a prizefighter in New York, he came to my hotel, dressed in the shabbiest clothes, begging for money. Drink had broken him entirely." He said he would not advise boys to become pugilists.

Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, one of the richest members of the Upper House of Congress, has formally applied for a Civil War veteran's pension of \$16 per month. In giving his reasons for asking for the pension, Senator Warren said: "First, the pension will be given to charity. I shall not receive the benefit of a single penny. Second, I have had occasion to hunt for the war records of my Revolutionary ancestors. If they are recorded anywhere I could not find them. So it occurred to me that my Civil War record should be accessible to my children and I thought it would be well preserved in the pension record." Senator Warren served in the 4th Massachusetts Volunteers.

Benjamin J. Rosenthal, of Chicago, special foreign commissioner of the National Business League of America, has begun a campaign against the use of the American flag in advertising abroad. In a store in Germany the American owner admitted that many of the goods displayed under a card bearing the American flag were not manufactured in America. "This is against the law at home," said Mr. Rosenthal, "and it ought to be so here. I shall ask the State Department to stop the fraud practised upon Americans in foreign lands. I am sure Germany would accede to so reasonable a demand for the protection of the United State flag. Not only do I oppose flag advertisements of foreign-made goods, but I oppose as well the use of the flag for any advertising whatsoever."

Patrick Quinn, of New Rochelle, N. Y., is resting comfortably in St. Vincent's Hospital after an operation to remove a gold tooth from his lungs. Several days ago Quinn went to a dentist, who, while working on his teeth, let a gold crown fall down his throat. He was brought to St. Vincent's. X-rays showed the gold crown. It had gone all the way down Quinn's windpipe and lodged in a lung. Dr. Quinlan, of St. Vincent's, decided to perform a very unusual operation. An opening was made in Quinn's throat below the larynx and just above the collarbone, and a long pair of forceps was introduced in the windpipe. X-rays were kept focused on his chest, and in this way both the crown and the prongs of the forceps could be seen. Guided by the rays, Dr. Quinlan grasped the piece of gold with the forceps and brought it out.

That Americans are careless of their small change is evidenced by the fact that of the 150,000,000 pennies annually sent out from the Philadelphia mint only a small percentage are ever accounted for afterward. It is thought that but a very small percentage of pennies lost in the streets are ever found, since they lack lustre and fail to catch the eye as does a silver coin. The chances are that they are swept up with the rubbish and so for the most part lost as coins. County fairs and shows of various kinds mutilate thousands of pennies every year. At the fairs one may see a machine that will flatten a cent and at the same time emboss a souvenir view of the event. Hundreds of thousands of pennies are carried out of the United States by tourists, who leave them abroad. A year or two ago 10,000 of them were shipped to Cuba bankers and placed in circulation among the laboring classes in Cuba. The American copper runs a close second to the pin, of which millions are lost every year.

Surgeons at Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, in Philadelphia, are preparing to operate on John Michael, aged fifteen years, and six feet and seven inches in height. He is suffering with a rare disease of the pituitary body known as "giganticism." When the lad added a foot to his height in a single month his parents noted his growth with pleasure, but when at the end of another month he was still another foot taller they took him to the hospital. The surgeons propose to remove the pituitary body and pineal gland, which are located at the base of the brain. They are regarded as the seat of the life-giving function and it is believed their removal will cause young Michael to stop growing in height. At the present time the Michael youth is perfectly rational. It is stated by hospital surgeons, however, that unless something is done to check his rapid growth it will affect his mind and he will become insane. Before he was taken to the hospital young Michael had to stoop whenever he entered the house. He could not sleep in a bed of ordinary length, without doubling up like a jack-knife. He became so conspicuous on the streets that he stopped going to school and spent most of his time at home.



## INTERESTING TOPICS

### HOARDED MONEY BURNED.

Despite the growing confidence of the public in the stability of the banks, thousands of persons in the United States bury their savings in the ground or hide them in the ovens of cookstoves for safe keeping, according to the United States Treasurer, John Burke, in an address before the convention of the West Virginia Bankers' Association.

Every fall, Mr. Burke said, the Treasurer's office receives many fragments of burned paper money which had been stored in stoves during warm weather and the hiding places forgotten until the discovery of the charred bits raked out after fires had been built with the approach of frost. About two thousand such cases were received yearly, coming first from the Northern sections and by degrees from the warmer zones. This, he said, was the Treasurer's means of tracing the frost line from Canada to the Gulf.

The Treasurer expressed hope of currency reform "in a supplementary way or otherwise," so that the country's system would respond to the growing demands of trade and commerce.

### SOLDIERS CHEW CORDITE.

One of the troubles of most European armies is that those soldiers who can get hold of it insist on using that terrible explosive, cordite, as if it were a sort of chewing gun.

Its popularity is due to the fact that when chewed in small quantities it has a stimulating and exhilarating effect, like small doses of alcohol. Its taste, too, is sweet, cordite being three-fifths nitroglycerin, an explosive which is sugary to the taste.

When chewed in large quantities cordite becomes more powerful in its effects, bringing on a blissful state of ecstasy, and sometimes making the victim of the habit see visions. But the real danger of the habit lies in the fact that, although nitroglycerin will only explode when given a hard blow or touched by an electric spark, there is always a possibility that the grinding of exceptionally hard teeth might provide the necessary hard blow. Within the last few years, at least three soldiers—two Germans and one American—have been blown to bits, the use of cordite as a chewing gum being the suspected cause. The habit was not unknown in our army some years ago, till the military authorities took steps to stop it.

### TO DAM NIAGARA RIVER.

After more than ten years' investigation the International Waterways Commission recommended through the President the construction of a submerged dam, or weir, in the Niagara River, to raise the level of Lake Erie and its upper waters. The commission stated the value of the proposed work to Lake Erie ports could hardly be estimated, and that it would result in extensive improvements to harbors and docks.

The cost of the weir and consequent works to avoid

damage to property is estimated at \$3,500,000. The dam would raise the level of the Niagara three feet for a distance of one and a half miles. The commission suggested the construction of a levee to prevent damage to adjoining property. The commission reported that the plan would raise the mean level of Lake St. Clair .23 foot and that of Lake Huron .09 foot.

The commission also reported that the weir would eliminate any injurious effect upon the Lake Erie level of diversion of waters at Niagara Falls for water power. It was pointed out that diversion of water to the Chicago Drainage Canal, to the Erie Canal and for power plant purposes at Niagara Falls had considerably reduced the level at Lake Erie.

### TRICKS OF THE CATTLE THIEF.

Over at the Cross W ranch near Del Rio, Tex., a notice has been posted for the information of tenderfoot cowboys, describing the tricks of the cattle thief. The notice is in the form of a series of questions and answers as follows:

First—What is a maverick?

A maverick is a ten or twelve months old calf not marked or branded. The owner has not been able to find it during the roundups. Honest cowmen will brand on it the brand of its mother, but a swiper will put his own brand on it.

Second—What is a dogey?

A dogey is a calf whose mother has died through hunger or accident; the calf was young when the mother died and is consequently poor and scrawny. If such a calf is old enough to live it belongs to the man who owns the range on which it is found. But swipers think different.

Third—What is scalding brands?

To scald a brand is to make a brand look old. The way to scald a brand is to put a wet cloth on the animal where the hot brand is to be placed. The brand will show plain and the hair is not burned.

Fourth—What is sokeing?

Sokeing is to tie down one or more calves in a secluded spot where honest men seldom ride, and if the weather is dry and hot it will only take thirty-six hours in the hot sun to soke any calf, and after they have been thus treated they will not hunt for their mother again. A calf treated in this manner shows the marks of the rope around its legs, but it cannot be made to own any mother, so what is one going to do in law? This method of swiping calves is the newest out.

Calf-swipers formerly moved into a box canyon and built pastures in which to wean calves, but the calf would bawl for its mother and call her up. Perhaps the owner would ride around the pasture and hear his cow bawling for her calf on the inside and return the calf to its mother. A swiper is too smooth for any court of justice in our country. If one gets caught you will see them coming from out of every canyon to swear to the swiper's good character.



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### THE SMALL BOY AND THE HORN BUTTON.

There are few things that can be more annoying than the small boy whose eagle eye never fails to search out the button for the electric horn and whose finger unflinchingly presses it to the accompaniment of a raucous blast that startles pedestrians almost out of their wits and draws unnecessarily on the battery. In appreciation of the fact, one manufacturer of a high-priced car has hit upon the novel scheme of concealing the button beneath the leather of the upholstery. The owner knows where the button is, but no one else can even suspect its presence, for the wires leading to it also are concealed.

### EARTH-EATING NATIVES.

Nowhere in the world is the taste for earth-eating absolutely unknown. In the less developed regions of South America, in central and west Africa, in New Caledonia, the Sonda Islands, Australia, Laos, Tonkin, China, and even Siberia the natives, men, women, and children, are all addicted to the habit. The substance which they eat, however, is not ordinary earth. It is a very white and pure clay that contains a little iron. The daily consumption of a confirmed earth-eater may be as much as seven pounds. Sometimes this clay is taken in the form of pills, at others it is made into pancakes, while again it is kneaded into small models of birds and animals which are dried, then grilled, and eaten either before or after a meal. Occasionally it is reduced to powder, when it serves as a seasoning. Insipid to the taste at first, it has a relish second to none for the habitual consumer. The origin of the habit is a mystery, for, although the clay sometimes contains animal matter, such has little nutritive value. It may be akin to the chewing-gum habit. In Laos, when the rice crop fails, the people throng to the riverbanks in order to provide themselves with clay. Natives in lower Senegal season their rice with chalybrate matter, as the white man's ancestors fed partly on roots and partly on berries crushed roughly on a millstone, the sand from which became mingled with the food.

### CYCLING GRIND IN GARDEN AGAIN.

There was a new phase given to the fight among rival cycle-racing promoters by the announcement that P. T. Powers, who for years conducted the six-day races in Madison Square Garden, up to a year ago, when it was wrested away from him by Mihlon and Chapman, the Newark promoters, had regained the Garden for the race next December and would run the grind in opposition to the National Cycling Association, which has controlled the sport.

Associated with Powers will be Inglis M. Uppereu, of Newark, the owner of the Newark Motordome, who started a revolt over in that city against the National Cycling Association and who has been holding meets on his track in opposition to the Newark Velodrome, which is owned by Mihlon and Chapman. Uppereu has succeeded in win-

ning over a number of the riders who have been riding at the Velodrome by paying them extra bonuses, and he has had them organize the American Racing Cyclists' Union in opposition to the National Cycling Association.

Powers has announced that the six-day race in the Garden, which will be held the week of December 8 to 13, will be held under the sanction of the new American Racing Cyclists' Union and that the National Cycling Association will be ignored. He will allow all the star riders, such as Kramer, Clark, Goulett, Grenda and Fogler, who are still with the National Cycling Association, to ride in the grind, providing they forsake the National Cycling Association, which Powers claims is only an organization on paper and is controlled by Mihlon and Chapman, the Newark men, whom he calls interlopers. Powers and Uppereu were able to secure control of Madison Square Garden by outbidding Mihlon and Chapman.

### LOCUST PEST IN NEBRASKA.

Seventeen year locusts have appeared in Otoe county, near the town of Wyoming, and are threatening destruction to the orchard fruit crop in that locality. Word has reached C. G. Marshall, secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, at his office in Lincoln that an apple orchard in which he is interested has been overrun with the insect blight.

The seventeen year locust is not, as many people have supposed, similar to the grasshopper scourge that visited Nebraska once or twice a good many years ago. It does not eat the foliage of vegetation and does not even attack the fruit on trees, but does its damage by boring into the young and tender twigs of the trees one-fourth to one-half inch in diameter. This causes the weight of the fruit to break off the twigs and thus prevent the ripening of the crop.

The boring is done by the female locust as a place for laying eggs. The eggs hatch out in about three weeks' time. The young grubs soon drop to the ground, bury themselves and subsist upon the roots of the tree and other vegetation. But the damage is done when the boring takes place, and it not only cuts down the yield of the current season but also of the next one, as new shoots must start and make some growth before the tree will bear again to its full capacity.

All kinds of fruit trees, and some other trees as well, are subject to the ravages of the locusts. They are especially partial to peach and apple trees. Spraying with lime or whitewashing the trees has a tendency to discourage boring, but no method has ever been found for getting rid of them.

The locusts do not spread rapidly in a single season, and one orchard may be ruined for the season while another near by is not touched. The grubs hatched this year will live in the ground for sixteen years, passing through several stages of development before emerging as full grown locusts and laying eggs for the next generation.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1913.

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## ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Andrew Koehn, who is on a furlough from the United States Navy, left Park Rapids, Minn., on his record rowing trip over the full course of the Mississippi River, 2,470 miles. Koehn has been in training at Park Rapids for the last two weeks. He will finish at the mouth of the river in about ninety days. His boat was specially designed by him to make the trip, and is made of galvanized steel. He will sleep and eat in it.

Charles Warrick, of Revere, Mass., had his nose almost severed from his face while being shaved in the barber shop of Fred Russell, at Chelsea. Warrick turned his head suddenly to speak to a friend who was in the shop as the barber was going over his chin and the razor slipped. The keen edge slashed across the man's nose. Warrick was taken to the Ford Hospital, where the flow of blood was stopped.

The French aviator Maurice L. Foulquier, while testing a monoplane for the first time, at Chalons-sur-Marne, fell from a height of 250 feet and was killed. Foulquier had been accustomed to a biplane, and the accident is attributed to the fact that he failed to realize that a monoplane requires different methods in handling. The fatality to M. Foulquier brings the death toll of aviators to the total of 285. Since January 1, 1913, 67 aviators have been killed.

A meeting of the board of directors of the Panama Railroad was held in the office of Secretary of War Garrison, June 19th, to discuss the management and operation of the road across the Isthmus after the canal has been opened. It is regarded as of prime military importance that the railroad be kept up in every way, and it is expected that there will be considerable traffic over the line even after the canal is open. The Government will maintain a coal depot at the entrance to the canal. It will also rent bins to private companies which wish to do a coal business at the canal.

Harold Whittlock, eighteen years old, of Los Angeles, Cal., was killed while testing a contrivance he had arranged to kill cats which had been making war on chickens

in the rear of a neighbor's house. Whittlock had rigged up an electric wire across to the top of a chicken fence which he connected with a dynamo in the house. While trying to ascertain whether it would do the deadly work intended he accidentally completed a circuit and dropped to the ground dead.

Just now T. J. McGovern, of Trenton, N. J., is showing the smallest pair of dogs on the American benches. These are the fawn-colored Chihuahua Gold Bug and Lady Marie. They weigh about 2¾ pounds and are quite sound. They make a perfect little brace, so alike are they, although of no relation to one another. Mr. McGovern, it is said, has been offered a very considerable sum for these Mexican mites. They are very consequential and yap and bark with all the aggressiveness of big terriers.

The Chamber of Deputies has adopted, by a vote of 386 to 165, the proposals of the French government for raising the \$88,000,000 necessary to keep the time-expired soldiers for another year with the active army. Charles Dumont, Minister of Finances, explained that the government projected the issue of twenty-year three per cent. loans and also proposed to tax incomes of \$2,000 and over, which it is expected will produce \$34,000,000. The Minister promised to assist those families which had been placed in destitution by the men being kept for three years in the army instead of two.

An ostrich farm has recently been established in New South Wales, and the latest reports indicate that this class of farming might be carried on successfully there. The proprietor states that he has received a greater net profit from the ostriches than from sheep, though the area occupied by the latter is double the size, and the returns from the ostriches are on account of sales of feathers only. No birds had been sold, as the numbers had not reached the total which it is proposed to keep. The property comprises 7,500 acres, of which some 2,550 acres are devoted to ostriches and the balance to sheep. An artesian well provides abundance of water. The country consists largely of a dark sandy loam; it is known as "herbage country" and carries very little grass.

At a recent election in Denver, Colo., the Moffat Tunnel Amendment was carried by a large majority. This provides for a Tunnel Commission which will arrange for the construction of a six-mile tunnel through the Continental Divide for the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad. The eastern portal of the tunnel will be at Tolland, 35 miles from Denver. The tunnel will be 6.4 miles in length and its cost is estimated at between four and four and one-half million dollars. It will reduce the route from Denver to Salt Lake City to 68 miles as against 187 miles by the Denver and Rio Grande route, which is at present the shortest. The tunnel will be open to all western railroads entering Denver. Eventually it will be bought over by the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad, but the city will retain perpetual rights to carry water power through it. Work will be commenced at once and it is hoped that the tunnel and the Denver-Salt Lake Railroad will be completed in 1915.



# THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## FIFTY-CENT FUNERALS.

The cheapest place in the world for a seaman to die is Cairo, Ill., where his funeral will cost him only fifty cents, according to contracts let by the United States Public Health Service, covering the entire country.

The cheapest place for a seaman to be sick is Bridgeport, Conn., where the government has secured a contract for medical attention and nursing at 72 cents a day. The cost elsewhere ranges from \$1 to \$3 a day.

The cost of funerals varies from fifty cents in Cairo to \$36 in Philadelphia and \$50 in Ketchikan, Alaska.

## NEW NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

The establishment of an eight-months' course naval war college in Washington is advocated by the Secretary of the Navy, who believes that advanced training to supplement the Naval Academy course and sea experience is essential to fit an officer for the higher grades of the service.

Secretary Daniels said that he believes that the college at Newport, R. I., should be continued, but that Washington should be the principal location for the school. No promotions should be made above the grade of captain until the officer to be promoted had attended the Naval War College.

## ASK TORPEDO SECRET BARRED FROM JAPS.

The danger of Japan gaining knowledge of the construction of the Bliss-Leavitt torpedo used in the United States Navy was stated recently by Malcolm A. Coles, Assistant United States Attorney-General. Mr. Coles, arguing in the United States District Court, Brooklyn, on the Government application for an injunction to restrain the E. W. Bliss Company from giving a demonstration of the torpedo in England, said:

The torpedo is the principal weapon of the national defense—the Navy. The Government calls upon this court to protect its rights.

"The company's letter to the Navy Department reads that the Bliss company intends to disclose the complete construction and operation of the torpedo. If this is done, Japan or any other country can secure these torpedoes in the open market, an act which would work irreparable injury to the United States that could not be estimated in dollars.

## FAVOR SUNDAY BASEBALL.

Based on a set of resolutions duly signed and presented to Governor Sulzer, the mayors of the various cities in New York State are in favor of Sunday baseball.

This fact was made evident by the report of William P. Capes, secretary of the Conference of Mayors of the State of New York held in Binghamton on June 7th, and forwarded to Governor Sulzer at Albany, N. Y.

Thirty-two votes were cast, and of this number twenty-seven were in favor of the resolution, while only five were against it.

Of those who favored baseball on Sunday, one was mayor of a first-class city, four were mayors of second-class cities and twenty-two were mayors of third-class cities. Those who were opposed to the measure were mayors of third-class cities; two of these were inclined to put it to a popular vote in their cities.

The resolution forwarded by Mr. Capes to Governor Sulzer read, in part, as follows:

"Whereas, The right to healthful recreation is as inherent as the right to work or to live—

"Resolved, That we view with satisfaction the reports from many cities of the establishment of playgrounds, knowing that the healthy body in the child will mean the purer mind and body in the adult, and in that way elevate the standard of citizenship; and

"Resolved, That we advocate the repeal of all provisions of criminal procedure interfering with the playing of baseball on Sunday, and we believe that each municipality should have power to regulate such baseball games in any way that its citizens approve; and

"Resolved, That we request Governor Sulzer to submit this question to the Legislature on June 16th."

## A \$15,000 CATTERY.

Mrs. Clifford B. Harmon, daughter of Commodore E. C. Benedict, of Greenwich, Connecticut, lifted the spadeful of ground recently for what is to be the most wonderful home for cats in this country. Mrs. Harmon, a noted cat fancier, is bent upon having a club for her twenty-eight cats and twenty-four kittens, many of them the greatest prize-winners in America. Before the laborers were set at work on the foundation of the new \$15,000 club, Mrs. Harmon broke the ground in the presence of a large company, including Commodore Benedict and Thomas Hastings, of Carrere & Hastings, the architects of the building. The cattery, which is to cover more than two acres of ground, will be on Commodore Benedict's property at Indian Harbor, Connecticut. There are to be eight rooms with nineteen cat runs. Hot and cold water, electric lights, gas for cooking, a kittens' nursery, steam heat and other improvements will be installed. In addition there is to be a cottage for Mrs. F. Y. Mathis, who has been associated with Mrs. Harmon for three years and has been breeding famous cats for about ten years.

Among Mrs. Harmon's cat household are the famous champion Lady Sonia, who has never been defeated; champion Sweet Jetta, brought by Mr. Harmon from England; champion Peter K. Matthews, Silver Ray, champion Buzzing Silver, Silver Rene, Earlsfield, Black Prince and others.

In her collection of trophies are twenty-four challenge cups and a case of almost a hundred gold, silver and bronze medals and blue ribbons. The new cat club will be known as the Greenwich Cat Kennels, by which name it has already become famous all over America and Canada where cats are shown. Mrs. Harmon will give the cats her personal attention, and Mrs. Mathis will be in constant charge.



### GIANT SAW PUZZLE.

This puzzle contains twenty-one pieces of wood nicely finished; take them apart and put them together same as illustrated. Everybody would like to try it, as it is very fascinating. Price, by mail, postpaid, 25c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### DELUSION TRICK.

A magic little box in three parts that is very mystifying to those not in the trick. A coin placed on a piece of paper disappears by dropping a nickel ring around it from the magic box. Made of hard wood two inches in diameter. Price, 12c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 16 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### COMICAL RUBBER STAMPS.



A complete set of five grotesque little people made of indestructible rubber mounted on black walnut blocks. The figures consist of Policeman, Chinaman, and other laughable figures as shown in pictures. As each figure is mounted on a separate block, any boy can set up a regular parade or circus by printing the figures in different positions. With each set of figures we send a bottle of colored ink, an ink pad and full instructions. Children can stamp these pictures on their toys, picture books, writing paper and envelopes, and they are without doubt the most amusing and entertaining novelty gotten up in years. Price of the complete set of Rubber Stamps, with ink and ink pad, only 10c., 3 sets for 25c., one dozen 50c., by mail postpaid.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### JUMPING TELESCOPE.



This is an oblong tube in exact imitation of a telescope. By looking through it, reveals one highly magnified picture of a dancer or other subject. It contains on the side a button, which the victim is told to press for a change of picture. Instead of another picture appearing, the entire inside part shoots out, as shown in illustration. It is entirely harmless, but gives the victim a genuine scare.

Price, 15c. each; 2 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### BUBBLE BLOWER.



With this device, a continuous series of bubbles can be blown. It is a wooden, cigar-shaped blower, enclosing a small vial, in which there is a piece of soap. The vial is filled with water, and a peculiarly perforated cork is inserted. When you blow in to the mouthpiece, it lifts up a hydraulic pressure through the cork perforations and causes bubbles after bubbles to come out. No need of blowing the water into the little bottle is required. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



Solid-breech  
Hammerless

.22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York City



**JUMPING CARD.**—A pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to the deck jumps high into the air at the performer's command. Pack is held in one hand. Price of apparatus, with enough cards to perform the trick, 10c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE TOM-TOM DRUM.



Hold the drum in one hand and with the thumb of the other resting against the side of the drum manipulate the drumstick with the fingers of the same hand (as indicated in the cut). With practice it is possible to attain as great skill as with a real drum. The movable sounding board can be adjusted for either heavy or light playing. They are used extensively in schools for marching. Price, 10c. each, delivered free.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nickle-plated tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



### 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

**DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalog illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

**ONE CENT** is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

**TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.**  
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### TOBACCO HABIT

You can conquer it easily in 8 days. Improve your health, prolong your life. No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. E. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 228 C. New York, N. Y.

### LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME



**Ventriloquist Double Throat.** Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Opt. K Frenchtown, N.J.



**8-OLD COINS WANTED.** \$7.75 Paid for RARE date 1853 Quarters and \$1/2 without arrows. CASH premiums paid on hundreds of old coins. Keep all money dated before 1896 and send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. Get Posted and make money easy. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 21, Lo Roy, N. Y.

### Asthma

& RAY FEVER REMEDY sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STEELINE, 337 Poplar St., Sidney, Ohio.

### Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two ring marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.





#### GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickel-plated brass. It holds just one dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



#### NAIL PUZZLE.

Made of 3 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

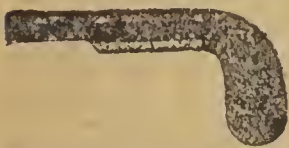
#### GOOD LUCK PUZZLE.



It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

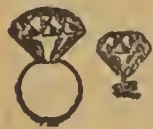
#### ROUGH RIDER DISC PISTOLS.



Made of nicely colored wood 5 1/4 inches long. The power is furnished by rubber bands. Ten discs of cardboard with each pistol. Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.



Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c. each; large size, 35c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



#### MAGIC PUZZLE KEYS.

Two keys interlocked in such a manner it seems impossible to separate them, but when learned it is easily done.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### THE JUMPING FROG.



This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### ALUMINUM DRINKING CUPS.



These handsome little cups are very handy in size, do not leak, and are satin finished. When compressed, can be carried in the vest pocket. They hold a good quantity of liquid, and are very strong, light, yet durable. Price, 14c. each, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



#### SURPRISE PERFUME BOTTLE.

Those in the joke may freely smell the perfume in the bottle, but the uninitiated, on removing the cork will receive the contents in his hands. This is a simple and clever joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### THE MAGIC CIGAR CASE.



A beautiful and perfect cigar case, made of imitation alligator and sealskin leather; worth a quarter as a cigar case alone. It can be shown full of cigars and instantly handed to a person, who, upon opening it, finds only an empty case. The box has a secret spring and a double case, and can be operated only by one in the secret. Full printed instructions sent with each case. Every smoker should have one. Price, 20c.; 2 for 35c. by mail, postpaid; one dozen by express, \$1.50.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### NORWEGIAN MOUSE.



A very large gray mouse, measuring 8 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. The body of mouse is hollow. Place your first finger in his body, and then by moving your finger up and down, the mouse appears to be running up your sleeve. Enter a room where there are ladies, with the mouse running up your sleeve, and you will see a rapid scattering of the fair sex. Many practical jokes can be perpetrated with this small rodent.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### A NEW SQUIRT BADGE.



Great fun for the million! Wear it in your buttonhole and then press the bulb and watch the other fellow run.

Price, 14c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.



Just out, and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal.

Price, 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### MARBLE VASE.



A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase.

Price, 20c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 58th St., N. Y.

#### THE MAGNETIC TOP.



A handsome metal, highly magnetized toy. A horseshoe and a spiral wire furnished with each top. When spun next to the wires, they make the most surprising movements. You can make wires of different shapes and get the most peculiar effects. Price, 5c., postpaid.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### THE CROWN STYLO.



Made of aluminum, satin finish, guaranteed not to leak. This stylographic ink pen is made on a new plan. It cannot corrode and will outlast and outclass any similar pen on the market. It is a splendid writer, and is easily kept in order. Each one packed with a filler, and a clip to hold it in your vest pocket.

Price, 25c. each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### LATEST GIANT TYPEWRITER.



It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly; the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large, expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full instructions for using the machine. Price complete, \$1.00, by express.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### LINE THE LINK PUZZLE.



The sensation of the day. Pronounced by all, the most baffling and scientific novelty out. Thousands have worked at it for hours without mastering it, still it can be done in two seconds by giving the links the proper twist, but unless you know how, the harder you twist them the tighter they grow. Price, 6c.; 3 for 15c.; one dozen, 50c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane or glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.



A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These Egyptian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements

is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.



If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the Pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### THE PEG JUMPER.



A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown.

Price by mail, 15c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### THE HIDEOUS SPIDER.



Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enameled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

Price by mail, 10c. each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### MINIATURE COMPASS CHARM.



A beautiful charm, to be worn on the watch chain. It consists of a true and perfect compass, to which is attached, by a pivot, a powerful magnifying glass. When not in use the magnifying glass fits closely inside the compass and is not seen. The compass is protected by a glass crystal, and is handsomely silver-nickel plated and burnished, presenting a very attractive appearance. If you have a reliable compass, a powerful magnifying glass, and a handsome charm, all in one. It is a Parisian novelty, entirely new. Price, 25c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.







# PLUCK AND LUCK

## LATEST ISSUES

- 761 Governor Gus; or, The War on No-Man's Island. By Allyn Draper.  
 762 Lost on the Pirate's Isle; or, The Ship That Sailed on Friday By Cap't. Thos. H. Wilson.  
 763 A Wizard of Wall Street, or, The Career of Henry Carew, Boy Banker. By H. K. Shackelford.  
 764 Little B. B.; or, The Boy With the Bear. By Allyn Draper.  
 765 Fred the Foundry Boy; or Fighting the Iron Kings. By Richard R. Montgomery.  
 766 The White World; or, The Slaves of Siberia. By Howard Austin.  
 767 The House of Skulls; or, The Boy Miners of Blizzard Bay. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
 768 Dan and His Double; or, The Church Under the River. By Allan Arnold.  
 769 General Crook's Boy Scout; or, Beyond the Sierra Madres. By An Old Scout.  
 770 The Big Blue Diamond; or, The Boy Elephant Hunters of Ceylon By Berton Bertrew.  
 771 The Ice Breaker Boys; or, Cutting Their Way to the Pole. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.  
 772 That Boy of Brown's; or, The Wreck of the Denver Mall. By Berton Bertrew.  
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 774 Locomotive Lew; or, The Young Prince of the Throttle. By Jas. C. Merritt.  
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 776 The Everlawn Cadets; or, the Pride of the Boss Boarding School. By Howard Austin.  
 777 Hero Forty-Four; or, The Boy Fireman of Ashland. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.  
 778 The Boys of Bang-Up Canyon; or, The Search for the Mine. By An Old Scout.  
 779 Madcap, the Middy; or, Tracking a Pirate's Treasure. By Thos. H. Wilson.  
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 781 The Young Rip Van Winkle. A Story of Adventure. By R. Montgomery.  
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